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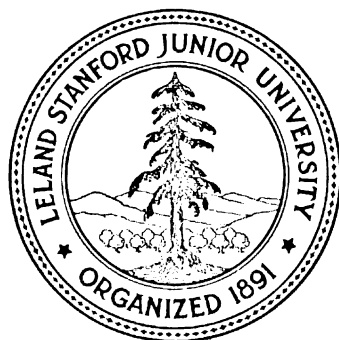
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DER FREYSCHUTZ,

GRAND OPERA IN THREE ACTS

BY

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

GERMAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

ADAPTED AND EDITED BY

J. C. MACY

BOSTON

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ARGUMENT.

Among the superstitions with which the middle ages abounded, was one peculiar to that class of persons who were employed by owners of large tracts of forest to look after the timber, furlish game for the owner's table and keep the ground clear of poachers, a class of regular huntsmen, who spent their whole life in the darkness of the old woods. This superstition was to the effect that there was an evil spirit abiding in the forest,—an adaptation of the general idea of the devil to the peculiar habits, notions and pursuits of the huntsman,—laying snares to gain the souls of honest hunters by the tempting offers of unerring bullets. On this is founded the story of the "Freischütz," which name, literally translated Free-shooter, means a person who shoots with bullets, which, through the aid of magic and devilry, always hit the mark.

Some time during the seventeenth century, there lived on the domains of Prince Ottokar, of Bohemia, close upon the border of the immense forests of that country, an old, trusty forester, by the name of Kuno. He was a widower, and had an only child, a daughter, who was, at the time when our story opens, just on the verge of womanhood. Agathe—this was her name—was betrothed to one Max, a young hunter, in the employ of her father, loved by him like a son, and withal a young man of excellent qualities and well skilled in his calling. Kuno desired to retire from his post, which was hereditary, but having no son, he had requested the Prince to appoint his future son-in-law his successor in office. The Prince had kindly consented, on condition that the young man should prove himself out a good marksman in a trial-shot, which was to take place before the Prince in person. On the issue of this trial-shot depended the union of the two lovers. Now by the secret influence of the evil spirit above mentioned, Max had for a couple of weeks before the appointed trial-day been very unsuccessful in the chase. His eye and hand seemed to fail him; the game escaped from him, unharmed by his bullets. Nay, more; on the very evening before the trial-day, at a shooting-match got up by the peasants of an adjoining village, he had not hit the target once, and had been the subject of merciless railery from the peasantry. (First Act, first scene.) Dejected in spirit and filled with gloomy forebodings, the youth was left to his thoughts by the merry crowd of villagers, who, when evening set in, repaired to the village inn to close the festival with a dance.

Max had a comrade in service, named Caspar, a reckless licentious, devil-may-care fellow, loved by none, shunned and suspected of evil practices by many, who had entered into a compact with the evil spirit, Zamiel. The latter was to supply Caspar with charmed bullets for a certain time, at the close of which Caspar was to yield life and soul to him. This compact expired on the very day of Max's ordeal, or trial of skill. Caspar, desirous of obtaining a respite from Zamiel, by bringing one new victim, perhaps two, within his reach, took advantage of Max's state of mind after the unlucky shooting-match, to force himself in his confidence. He dwelt upon his misfortune, his poor chance of success in the morrow's trial, painted to him Agathe's despair at his failing in the most vivid colors, and finally threw out a hint that by the aid of magic bullets his success might be made a certainty. Max laughed at the "magic bullets," whereupon the other, scanning the sky, and discovering an eagle at an immense height right above them, handed his rifle to him, and pointing up to the eagle, asked Max to shoot. Max took the rifle, aimed and fired, and to his amazement—for he knew the eagle to be quite out of the range of any rifle—the bird fell at his feet. He desired more of these enchanted bullets. Caspar had no more; the last one had killed the eagle. But we can cast some, said he. Meet me in the Wolf's Glen,

an hour before midnight. Max shuddered at the mention of the place, and wavered. But the evil spirit already had a hold on him. He yielded, promised his comrade to be at the appointed place, and hurried off to bid a hasty "Good Night" to his beloved Agathe.

Agathe had been haunted by strange presentiments that some terrible disaster would attend her wedding-day. The portrait of old Kuno's ancestor, the first one who had filled the hereditary post, had tumbled down twice. The box sent from the millner's contained a black funeral wreath, instead of the myrtle-wreath of white and green. In vain strove Annchen, a young relative and friend of the ranger's daughter, to impart some of her own cheerfulness to her sad friend. Agathe found comfort only in prayer.

Max had proceeded to the Wolf's Glen at the appointed hour. Undaunted by apparitions which tried to impede his progress he made his way to the magic circle, where Caspar was already waiting for him. Caspar pronounced the incantation. Frightful apparitions crowded around, the air was filled with unearthly noises, which increased as the hour of midnight drew near. At last seven bullets were cast—the magic number. The clock struck midnight, and the spectres vanished. The two hunters divided the bullets—four fell to Max's lot; Caspar took three. Six of these seven bullets would fly as the will of the hunter directed them; but the seventh—that is, the last one fired—Zamiel reserves for himself, and directs it as he wills. This seventh bullet Caspar took care to leave to Max to fire, by quickly squandering his own three bullets on small game, as soon as Max had got out of hearing distance.

On the trial-day Max had made three excellent shots, which so delighted the Prince, that he desired still new proofs of the superior marksmanship of the young hunter. Max grew concerned lest his stock should give out. He applied to Caspar for more; but he had none. At length the Prince consented to be satisfied with one more shot. A white dove hovered round a tree close by. "Bring down the dove," the Prince commanded. Max raised his rifle, which contained the fatal seventh bullet. "Do not fire! I am the white dove!" exclaimed Agathe, just approaching the scene. It was too late; Max fired. A loud shriek was heard from Agathe; she fell fainting in the arms of her bridesmaids. But the bullet had not harmed her. She wore a precious relic about her person, which was proof to every charm. Zamiel, defeated in his fell purpose, had then directed the bullet to the heart of Caspar, from whom loud groans and oaths were now heard to proceed. Max confessed his credulity and folly, and was banished by the Prince. Here an aged hermit, whom everybody highly revered, interposed in favor of Max. "Through him speaks Heaven," said the Prince, and yielded to the sentence he pronounced. Max was to pass one ordeal-year, and then, if irreproachable, receive Agathe in marriage. The trial-shot was abolished forever.

This Opera, the libretto of which was furnished by Friedrich Kind, was performed for the first time in Berlin, on the 18th of June, 1821, and created a greater enthusiasm throughout Germany than any similar work. It has since been translated into the principal languages. In the original German Opera spoken dialogue connects the musical portions. This feature has been retained in the various English versions which have appeared. In the French and Italian versions, however, recitatives had to be substituted for the spoken portions of the work, and Hector Berlioz has added these with a faithfulness to the spirit of the original, which has everywhere been recognized.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OTTOKAR, a Prince of Bohemia. (Tenor.)	OTTOKAR, böhmischer Fürst.
KUNO, Head-Ranger to the Prince. (Bass.)	CUNO, fürstlicher Erbförster.
AGATHE, his Daughter. (Soprano.)	AGATHE, seine Tochter.
ANNCHEN, a Relative and Friend of Agathe. (Soprano.)	ANNCHEN, eine junge Verwandte.
CASPAR, first Huntsman. (Bass.)	CASPAR, erster Jägerbursche.
MAX, second Huntsman. (Tenor.)	MAX, zweiter Jägerbursche.
} In the service of Kuno.	
ZAMIEL, the Wild Huntsman.	SAMIEL, der schwarze Jäger.
A HERMIT. (Bass.)	EREMIT.
KILIAN, a Peasant. (Tenor.)	KILIAN, ein reicher Bauer.
<i>Bridesmaids; Huntsmen and Attendants on the Prince; Peasants, Musicians; Spirits, Demons, and various Apparitions.</i>	<i>Brautjungfern, Jäger und Gefolge, Landleute, Musikanten, Erscheinungen.</i>
(The Scene is laid in Bohemia. The Action is represented as taking place shortly after the termination of the Thirty Years' War.)	(Die Zeit: Kurz nach Beendigung des dreissigjährigen Krieges.)

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(An open Green in front of an Inn in the Forest. MAX seated alone, with a beer-jug and glasses before him. At the back is a target on a pole, surrounded by a multitude.)

Chorus. Victoria!—Let fame to the master
be given,
His rifle the star of the target has riven;
No marksman so keen from near or from
afar.
Victoria, victoria, victoria!

Max.

(Rising hastily and planting his gun against a tree.)

Was I blind,
Or do the sinews of my arm now fail me?

ERSTER AUFZUG.

ERSTER AUFTRITT.

(Platz vor einer Waldschenke. MAX sitzt allein im Vorgrunde. In dem Augenblicke, als die Gardine aufgeht, fallen Schüsse. Chor der Landleute, indem die Scheibe herabgebracht wird.)

Viktoria! Viktoria! der Meister soll leben,
Der wacker dem Sternlein den Rest hat
gegeben!
Ihm gleicht kein Schütz' von fern und
von nah'!
Viktoria! Viktoria! Viktoria!

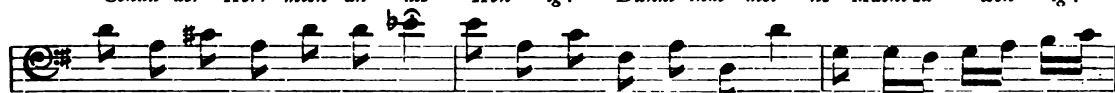
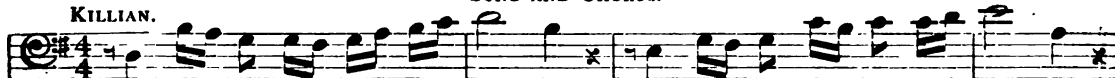
Max. Immer frisch! Schreit! schreit! (*stampft und legt seine Büchse an einen Baum.*)
War ich denn blind? Sind die Sehnen
dieser Faust erschlaft?

(Es hat sich ein Zug von Bauern geordnet, welche KILIAN im Triumph vor MAX bringen.)

SCHAU' DER HERR MICH AN ALS KÖNIG!—WHY GOOD PEOPLE ARE YOU GAZING.

SONG AND CHORUS.

KILIAN.



CHORUS.



eh, eh, eh!
He? He? He?

eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh; Do you hear him? eh, eh? eh, eh, eh?
He? He?

Do you hear me! eh, eh, eh! Do you hear me? eh, eh, eh, eh, eh!
Wird er? frag' ich—He! He! He! Wird er? frag' ich—He! He! He! He! He! He!

Killian. How this star and flower adorn me!
 Now, what huntsman dares to scorn me?
 So, you lost the prize to-day?
 So, you miss'd it,—eh, eh, eh?
 Ha, ha, ha, etc.

Never mind;—I will not slight thee;
 Come to-morrow,—I invite thee;
 Grant to others something, pray;
 Look at this, sir,—eh, eh, eh?
 Ha, ha, ha, etc.

Max.

(Springing up and drawing his hunting-knife, seizes **KILLIAN** by the breast.)

Let me alone, or——

(A great tumult; all rush upon **MAX**.)

SCENE II.

(The same—**KUNO**, **CASPAR**, and several Hunters, with guns and hunting-spears.)

Kuno. How now! Oh, shameful! so many
 against only one!
 Who has the audacity to attack this young
 man!

Killian.

(Whom **MAX** has liberated, but who is still trembling.)

Oh, it is all in good part, Mister Forester!
 It is a custom among us to exclude
 from the feast given in honor of the King
 of the Marksmen, any one who shall miss
 the mark; besides which, he is tolerably
 sure to be laugh'd at;—but all in good
 part, sir.

Kuno. And who has fail'd in hitting the
 mark?

Kilian. Stern und Strauss trag' ich vor'm Liebe,
 Cantors Sepherl trägt die Scheibe;
 Hat er Augen nun, Mosje?
 Was traf er denn?—He? He? He?

(Chor, wie oben.)

Darf ich etwa Eure Gnaden
 's nächste Mal zum Schieszen laden?
 Er gönnt Andern was, Mosje!
 Nun, er kommt doch?—He? He? He?

(Chor, wie oben.)

Max.

(Springt auf, zieht den Hirschfänger und faszt bei der Brust.)

Laszt mich zufrieden, oder——!

(Getümmel, auf **MAX** eindringend.)

ZWEITER AUFTRITT.

(**CUNO**, **CASPAR** und mehrere Jäger mit Büchsen und Jagdspieszen.)

Cuno. Was gibt's hier? Pfui, dreiszig über
 einen! Wer untersteht sich, meinen Bur-
 schen anzutasten?

Kilian.

(Von **MAX** losgelassen.)

Alles in Güte und Liebe, werther Herr
 Erbförster! Gar nicht böse gemeint! Es ist
 Herkommen bei uns, dasz, wer stets gefehlt
 hat, vom Königschusse ausgeschlossen und
 dann ein wenig gehänselt wird—alles in
 Güte und Liebe.

Cuno (Heftig). Stets gefehlt? Wer? wer
 hat das?

Max.

(Appearing ashamed and in despair.)
I cannot deny it—I have not hit the mark!

Caspar.

(In an undertone.)

Zamiel, I thank thee! (*To MAX.*) Believe me, friend, it is e'en as I said: there is some charm which you must break, ere you will again wing a bird. But the charm may easily be broken; there is nothing more simple. You must first go to where four roads meet, and in the centre draw a circle with a ramrod or sword dipp'd in blood; then, standing within the circle, you must call three times on the Great Hunter.

Killian. God's mercy on us! One of Belzebub's legion!

Kuno. Hold thy tongue, forward fellow! Have a care! I have long known thee for an idle varlet, a drunkard, and a cheat at play. (*CASPAR crouches, and by his gestures attempts to excuse himself.*) Silence, I tell thee! One word, and I dismiss thee on the spot. And you, Max, have a care that you forfeit not your claim to my daughter; for, if to-morrow you prove not the best shot, you may bid adieu to my service and your hopes of her heart. But cheer up—I believe love has bewitch'd you. Before sunrise I shall expect you at the Prince's Camp.

Max. To-morrow!

Killian. How stands the matter of the trial-shot? We have heard of it often.

Peasants. Yes! Tell us, good master Kuno.

Kuno. Well, as you will.—My ancestor, whose picture you may have seen in the Ranger's house, was, like myself, named Kuno, and was one of the Prince's body-guard. One morning a stag broke cover to the hounds, and on this stag a man was stoutly chained; for so in former times a forest-thief was punished.—At sight of this, compassion moved the Prince; he

Max.

(Beschämt und verzweifeld.)
Ich kann's nicht leugnen; ich habe nie getroffen.

Caspar.

(Vor sich.)

Dank, Samiel! (*Zu MAX.*) Glaube mir, Kamerad, es ist wie ich gesagt habe. Es hat dir Jemand einen Waidmann gesetzt, und den muszt du lösen, oder du triffst keine Klaue. Geh' nächsten Freitag auf einen Kreuzweg, zieh' mit dem Ladestock oder einem blutigen Degen einen Kreis um dich und rufe dreimal den groszen Jäger—

Kilian. Gott bewahr' uns! Einen von des Teufels Peerschaaren!

u

Cuno.

(Zu CASPAR.)

Schweig', vorlauter Bube! Ich kenne dich langst. Du bist ein Tagedieb, ein Schlemmer, ein falscher Würfler—hüte dich, dasz ich nicht noch Aergeres von dir denke. (*CASPAR macht eine kriechende Bewegung, als wolle er sich entschuldigen.*) Kein Wort, oder du hast aus ver Stelle den Abschied!—Aber auch du, Max, siehe dich ver! Ich bis vir wie ein Vater gewogen; es sreut mich.

Max. Morgen! morgen schon!

Kilian. Was ist das eigentlich mit dem Probeschusz? Schon oft haben wir davon gehört.—

Andere. O erzählt's uns, Herr Cuno!

Cuno. Meinetwegen! (*Setzt sich.*) Mein Ureltervater, der noch im Forsthause abgebildet steht, hiesz Cuno, wie ich, und war fürstlicher Leibschütz. Einst trieben die Hunde einen Hirsch heran, auf dem ein Mensch angeschmiedet war; so bestrafte man in alten Zeiten die Waldfrevler. Dieser Aublick erregte das Mitleid des damaligen Fürsten. Er versprach Demjeni-

promised the post of Ranger and the man-or-right to the Forest Lodge, to any one who should kill the stag without injuring the man. Gallant Kuno, as much for pity as for reward, fired without hesitation. The stag fell, and the poacher was saved!

Peasants. Bravo! bravo! That was a master-shot!

Kuno. But listen to the end of the story. There was then, as now, (*eying CASPAR*) the tares which the devil sows amid the wheat. Kuno's enemies tried to convince the Prince that the shot took effect through supernatural agency, and that the bullet was magical.

Caspar. I thought so! (*Aside*) Help, Zamiel!

Killian.

(To Peasant.)

A magic bullet! Those are the devil's snares! My grandmother has often said, six hits the mark, but the seventh belongs to Satan, and flies as he directs.

Caspar. Pooh! 't is nothing!

Kuno. Upon such grounds is it then, that the Prince has ordained that Kuno's descendants should take the trial-shot. It is our custom that the lucky marksman should wed on that day.

But, enough of this! Let us be away! — Max, go thou to the house; and take good care! Love is weaving a web around thee! Meet me in the morning—early—ere sunrise.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Max. Oh, dreaded morrow!
Would day's latest sands were run!

Kuno. Ere fades yon sunset,
All is lost, or all is won!

gen, welcher den Hirsch erlege, ohne den Missethäter zu verwunden, eine Erblosigkeit, und zur Wohnung das nahegelegene Waldschlößchen. Der wackere Lebeschütz, mehr aus eigenem Erbarmen, als wegen der grossen Verheissung, besann sich nicht lange. Er legte an und befahl die Kugel den heiligen Engeln. Der Hirsch stürzte, und der Wilddieb war, obwohl im Gesicht vom Dorngebüsch derb zerkratzt, doch im Uebrigen unversehrt.

Männer. Brav! brav! — das war ein Meisterschusz.

Cuno. Hört noch das Ende! Es ging damals wie jetzt (*mit einem Blick auf CASPAR*), dass der böse Feind immer Unkraut unter den Weizen säet. Cuno's Neider wussten es an den Fürsten zu bringen, der Schuss sei mit Zauberei geschehen, Cuno habe nicht gezielt, sondern eine Freikugel geladen.

Caspar. Dacht' ich's doch! — (*Vor sich*) Hilf zu, Samiel!

Kilian.

(Zu einigen Bauern.)

Eine Freikugel! — das sind Schlingen des bösen Feinds; meine Grossmutter hat mir's einmal erklärt. Sechse treffen, aber die sie bente gebört dem Bösen; der kann sie hinführen, wohin ihm's beliebt.

Caspar. Alfanzeri! Nichts als Naturkräfte!

Cuno. Aus deisem Grunde machte der Fürst bei der Stiftung den Zusatz, dass jeder von Cuno's Nachfolgern zuvor einen Probeschusz ablege, schwer oder leicht. Du, Max, magst noch einmal zu Hause nachsehen, ob sämmtliche Treibleute angelangt sind. — Nimm dich zusammen! — der Waidmann, der dir gesetzt ist, mag die Liebe sein. — Noch vor Sonnenaufgang erwarte ich dich beim Hoflager.

Max. O! diese Sonne,
Furchtbar steigt sie mir empor!

Cuno. Leid odor Wonne,
Beides ruht in deinem Rohr!

Max. Sounds are whisp'ring near me
Like the breeze unseen.

Kuno. Can'st thou, Max, fear thee?

Caspar. There's a darker power!
He who dares has won!

Max. Oh, sadly this hour
On me seems to low'r.
Oh, would the morn were here and done!

Chorus. See how gloomy Max's brow;—
So the dead appear when shrouded.
Think, the morn may rise unclouded,
And to heaven's pleasure bow.

Max. Ah, me! light with evening dies,
Rising bright again to-morrow;
But were Agathe dear denied me,
Naught would then be mine but sorrow.

Caspar. May fortune's wheel keep rolling,
And he who trusts her power
Will ne'er repent his fate.

Kuno. Place in heaven thy firm reliance,
Then thou canst have naught to fear;
To-morrow, up the neighboring mountains,
Gay bands will meet—with them appear.

Chorus of Huntsmen. The stag through the
valley that ranges,
The eagle that soars to the sun,
Shall be ours when the day has begun.

Chorus of Peasants. Let the merry-toned
horns then be sounded,
And peal 'gainst yon hill's rocky side;
For to-morrow, ere evening be closing,
They'll welcome the bridegroom and
bride.

(EXEUNT CASPAR and KUNO.)

SCENE III.

(The preceding, except KUNO, CASPAR, and Hunters.)

Kilian. A brave man that, our worthy
Ranger! But come, let us go into the inn;

Max. Ach, ich musz verzagen,
Dasz der Schusz gelingt!

Cuno. Dann muszt Du entsagen—

Caspar.
(Zu MAX, mit bedeutungsvoller Heimlichkeit.)
Nur ein keckes Wagen
Ist's, was Glück erringt!

Max. Agathen entsagen,
Wie könnt' ich's ertragen?
Doch verfolgt mich Miszgeschick—

Chor. Seht, wie düster ist sein Blick!
Ahnung scheint ihn zu durchbeben—
(Zu MAX.)

O lasz Hoffnung dich beleben,
Und vertraue dem Geschick!

Max. Weh' mir! Mich verliesz das Glück,
Unsichtbare Mächte grollen,
Bange Ahnung füllt die Brust!

Caspar. Mag Fortuna's Kugel rollen;
Wer sich höh'rer Kraft bewuszt,
Trotzt dem Wechsel und Verlust!

Cuno. So's des Himmels Mächte wollen,
(Faszt MAX bei der Hand.)
Mein Sohn, nur Muth!
Wer Gott vertraut, baut gut.

Chor der Jäger. Das Wild in Fluren und
Triften,
Der Aar in Wolken und Lüften
Ist unser, und unser der Sieg!

Chor der Landleute. Laszt lustig die Hörner
erschallen—
Wenn wiederum Abend ergraut.
Soll Echo und Felsenwand hallen:
Sa! Hussah, dem Bräut'gam! der Braut!

(CUNO mit CASPAR und den Jägern ab.)

DRITTER AUFTRITT.

(Die Vorigen, ohne Cuno und sein Gefolge.)

Kilian. Ein braver Mann, der Herr Förster!
Aber nun kommt auch in den Schenk-

it is getting dark, and the night looks somewhat gloomy. (*To MAX.*) Let us still be good friends, Max; and to-morrow, I trust, you will be more fortunate. Come, cast away care, and choose a partner for the dance.

Max. I have no heart for dancing.

Killian. Well, e'en as you will.

(KILLIAN takes a partner, as do the rest. The greater part waltz into the Inn; the others disperse as it grows dark.)

SCENE IV.

RECITATIVE.

Max.

(Alone.)

O, I can bear my fate no longer!
E'en hope is banish'd from my soul!
What unknown grief thus haunts my spirit,
And o'er me works its dark control?

giebel; es wird schon recht dämmrig und schaurig. (*Zu MAX.*) Wie wollen gute Freunde bleiben, wackerer Bursch! Ich gönne ihm morgen das beste Glück! Jetzt schlag' er sich die Grillen aus dem Kopfe, nehm' er ein Mädchen und tanze er mit hinein!

Max. Ja, es wär' mir, wie tanzen!

Kilian. Nun, wie's beliebt! Tanzt Kinder.

(Er nimmt eine der Frauen; die Andern ebenso. Böh-mischer Walzer.)

VIERTER AUFTRITT.

ARIA.

Max.

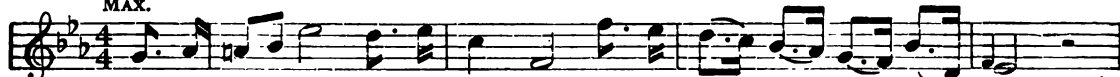
(Allein. Späterhin SAMUEL.)

Nein, länger trag' ich nicht die Qualen,
Die Angst, die jede Hoffnung raubt!
Für welche Schuld musz ich bezahlen?
Was weiht dem falschen Glück mein
Haupt?—

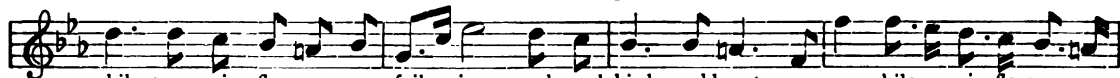
DURCH DIE WALDER—THROUGH THE FORESTS.

SOLO.

MAX.



Thro' the for - ests, thro' the mea - dows, joy was wont with me to stray,
Durch die Wäl - der, durch die Au - en sog ich leich - ten Muth's da - hin;



while my ri - fle, nev - er fail - ing, made each bird and beast my prey, while my ri - fle, nev - er
Al - les, was ich konnt' er - schau - en, war des si - chern Rohr's Ge - winn, al - les was ich konnt' er -



fail - ing, nev - er fail - ing, made each bird and beast my prey.
schau - en, war des si - chern, des si - chern Rohr's Ge - winn.



When at length from chase returning, ere home rose, ere home rose before my sight, Agnes smiling met me, cloth'd in
A - bend's bracht' ich reiche Beu - te, und als ü - ber eig' - nes Glück, drohend wohl dem Mörder, freu - te



beauty's heav'nly, heav'n - ly light, cloth'd in beau - ty's heav'nly, heav - en - ly light, cloth'd in
sich A - ga - then's Lie - bes - blick, freu - te sich A - ga - then's Lie - bes - blick, freu - te



beauty's light, in heav'n - ly light, cloth'd in heav'n - ly light, in beau - ty's heav'nly light.
sich A - ga then's Lie - bes - blick, freu - te sich A - ga - then's, A - ga - then's Lie - bes - blick.

Max. But now am I by Heaven forsaken
And left—the power of chance to
know!
Will hope's long slumber ever waken?
Or am I doom'd to endless woe?
Now, methinks, beside her lattice,
I my lovely fair one see;
While her ear seems fondly list'ning,
Every coming sound, for me:
See, she fondly waves a welcome,—
Fancy's eye her lover sees;
But her signal gains no answer,
Save the sigh of whispering trees!
What dark'ning power is ruling o'er me?

(ZAMIEL appears at the further end of the Scene.)

My anxious bosom fear hath riven,—
Despair hath spread her snares before me:
Does fate rule blindly? Aid me, Heaven!

(ZAMIEL makes convulsive gestures, and vanishes.)

SCENE V.

(MAX, CASPAR, ZAMIEL quite in the distance.)

Caspar.

(As soon as MAX sees him.)

So, here you are, comrade; 'tis well
we've met.

Max. It would be better did you not so closely
track me.

Caspar. And are these your thanks? On my
way hither a lucky thought came into my
head. (*Looking at the jug.*) How! is
it beer you have here? that will never kill
care. (*Calling.*) Ho! some wine there.
(*Aside—quickly pouring something from
his flask into the cup from which MAX is
to drink.*) So, my friend, a little of this
will do for you. (*Pouring the wine hur-
riedly into the cup.*) Aid me, Zamiel!
(ZAMIEL thrusts his head from behind
some bushes.) Thou here!

Max. To whom did you speak?

Caspar. I?—To no one. I only said—
“Now, my dear fellow,” as I poured out
the wine.

Max. Hat denn der Himmel mich verlassen?
Die Vorsicht ganz ihr Aug' gewandt?
Soll das Verderben mich erfassen?
Verfiel ich in des Zufalls Hand?
Zetzt ist wohl ihr Fenster offen,
Und sie horcht auf meinen Schritt,
Läsz nicht ab vom treuen Hoffen:
Max bringt gute Zeichen mit!
Wenn sich rauschend Blätter regen,
Wähn't sie wohl, es sei mein Fusz;
Püpf't vor Freuden, winkt entgegen—
Nur dem Laub'—den Liebesgrusz.—
Doch mich umgarnen finstre Mächte;

(SAMIEL schreitet über die Bühne.)

Mich faszt Verzweiflung, foltert Spott!
O, dringt kein Strahl durch diese Nächte?
Perrsch't blind das Schicksal? Lebt kein Gott?

(SAMIEL verschwindet bei dem letzten Worte.)

FUNFTER AUFTRITT.

(MAX, CASPAR [herbeischleichend], SAMIEL. Ein
Schenk mädchen.)

Caspar. Da bist du ja noch, Kamerad. Gut,
daz ich dich finde.

Max. Horchst du schon wieder herum?

Caspar. Ist das mein Dank? Ich kann's,
kann's nicht verschmerzen, daz du hier
zum Spott der Bauern worden bist. Teu-
fel! die mögen gelacht haben! ha, ha,
ha! (*Greift nach dem Krüge.*) Wie?
was? Bier hast du? Das taugt nicht zum
Sorgenbrecher! (*in den Schenkgiebel ru-
fend:*) Wein! Wein! Zwei Paszgläser!—
Kamerad! und kostete es mich den letzten
Heller, ich kann dich nicht so traurig se-
hen! So Freundchen! da brauch'st du
wenig! (*Gieszt schnell Wein ein.*) Hilf,
Samiel! (SAMIEL erscheint. CASPAR er-
schrocken.) Du da? (SAMIEL versch-
windet.)

Max. Mit wem sprachst du?

Caspar. Ich?—mit Niemand. Ich sagte: “So
Freundchen!” weil ich dir einschenkte.

Max. But I really can't drink.

Caspar. Here's a health to our Ranger!—
Surely, you'll drink to our worthy patron.
Come, we'll have a song.

Max. Well, so be it.

Max. Ich mag aber nichts.

Caspar. Der Herr Förster soll leben? Die
Gesundheit deines Lehrherrn wirst du doch
mittrinken?

Max. So sei's. (*Sie trinken.*)

EINS IST EINS, UND DREI SIND DREI!—LIFE IS DARKEN'D O'ER WITH WOE.

SOLO.

CASPAR.

Life is dark-en'd o'er with woe; bid the rud-dy nec-tar flow, love's the soul of
Eins ist Eins, und Drei sind Drei! drum ad-dirt noch zwei-er-lei zu dem Saft der
life be-low; bless'd by beau-ty, ro-sy wine . makes a mor-tal all di-vine!
Re-ben; Kar-ten-spiel und Wür-fel-lust, . und ein Kind mit run-der Brust
fill, oh, fill the cup be-fore . . . thee, Ve-nus, Ve-nus, I a-dore . . . thee!
hilft zum ew'-gen Le-ben! hilft zum ew'-gen Le-ben!

Caspar. But you ought to sing with me.

Max. Leave me to myself.

Caspar. Long life to the Lady Agatha!—
Surely, he who refused to drink the health
of his bride is a skulking fellow.

Max.

(*Drinking.*)

You are becoming insolent.

Caspar.

(*Singing.*)

Fill it till the glass runs o'er!—
He's a king, and something more,
Who is drunk with drinking!
Fill it once, and fill it twice,—
Here's a sun to melt all ice,
And set sorrow winking.
But there's no getting any life into you!
Long life to our Prince! he who will not
do honor to that toast must be a tho-
rough Judas.

Max. Well, just this once, but not a drop
more.

Caspar. Ei, du muszt auch mitsingen!
(*Trinkt.*)

Max. Lasz mich!

Caspar. Jungfer Agathe soll leben! Wer die
Gesundheit seiner Braut ausschlug', wär'
doch wahrlich ein Schuft.

Max.

(*Sie trinken.*)

Du wirst unverschämt.

Caspar. Eins ist Eins und Drei sind Drei!

D'rum addirt noch zweierlei
Zu dem Saft der Reben;
Kartenspiel und Würfellust
Und ein Kind mit runder Brust
Hilft zum ew'gen Leben!
Mit dir ist aber auch gar nichts anzufangen!
(*Trinkt.*) Unser Herr Fürst soll leben!
Wer nicht dabei ist, ist ein Judas!

Max. Nun denn, aber dann auch keinen Trop-
fen mehr!

Caspar.

(Singing.)

Wine and women! glass for glass!
Naught will make the minutes pass
Like a flowing measure.
Wine and women! kiss for kiss!
Earth has not a joy like this;
Drink! dissolve in pleasure.

(MAX is about to go.)

But why put yourself out, my worthy companion?

Surely, you would not return so soon.

(The village clock strikes seven.)

Max. Yes, it is time; the clock has struck seven.

Caspar. You would go to Agathe? remain, instead, with me,—I have some advice to give you, and came hither for that purpose. There is yet help for you.

Max. How! help for me?

Caspar. What would you think, now, of my helping you to a lucky shot to-day, that would delight Agathe, and insure your own happiness to-morrow?

Max. Your question is a strange one. How can it be possible?

Caspar. Well, friend, seeing is believing. There, take my gun.

Max. And what am I to do with it?

Caspar. Patience. (*Looking upward.*) Is there nothing to be seen? (*Giving the gun hastily to MAX.*) See, see! do you behold yon eagle? Fire!

Max. Are you mad? or do you think me so?

Caspar. Fire, in the name of the devil, Zamie!
—ha, ha, ha!

Caspar.

(Sie trinken.)

Ohne dies Trifolium
Gibt's kein wahres Gaudium.
Seit dem ersten Uebel.
Fläschchen, sei mein A-B-C,
Mein Gebetbuch, Catherle,
Karte, meine Bibel!

(MAX steht auf.)

Willst du schon nach Hause?

Max. Ja, es wird Zeit. Das schlug Sieben!

Caspar. Bleib' noch und lasz dir rathen!
Deshalb hab' ich dich eigentlich aufgesucht.
Dir könnte gar wohl geholfen werden!

Max. Mir geholfen?

Caspar.

(Geheimniszvoll.)

Um dir ganz meine Freundschaft zu beweisen, könnte ich dir unter vier Augen—Diese Nacht, wo sich die Mondscheibe verfinstert, ist zu groszen Dingen geschickt!—(*Man sieht SAMUEL von Zeit zu Zeit lauschen.*) Wie wär's, Kamerad, wenn ich dir noch heute zu einem recht glücklichen Schusse verhülfe, der Agathen beruhigte und zugleich euer morgendes Glück verbürgte?

Max. Du fragst wunder bar. Ist das möglich?

Caspar. Da nimm meine Büchse!

Max. Was soll ich damit?

Caspar. Geduld! (*Er sieht nach dem Himmel.*) Zeigt sich denn nichts? (*Indem er ihm das Gewehr gibt.*) Da! Da! Sieh'st du den Stöszler dort! Schiesz!

Max. Es ist ganz düster, der Vogel schwebt wie ein schwarzer Punkt in der Luft, wolkenhoch über der Schuszweite!

Caspar. Schneiz in's 'i — Schellobers Namen!
Ha, ha!

Max.

(Puts his hand to the trigger as if in doubt, and fires. At that moment a peal of laughter is heard, and MAX turns in alarm to CASPAR. An eagle falls dead at the feet of MAX.)

What is the meaning of this?

Caspar.

(Holding up the eagle.)

Bravo! this will get you reputation amongst the peasantry, and Agathe will be in ecstasies. (*He plucks some of the largest feathers, and sticks them in MAX's cap.*) See, comrade, the trophy of your success.

Max. What have you done? Oh, a sudden fear o'erwhelms me! What kind of ball was that?

Caspar. Is it possible that you do not know the meaning of a free shot?

Max. Ridiculous folly! have you any more of them?

Caspar. That was the last, but it seems to have been all-sufficient.

Max. Why are you so sparing of your words, all at once?
What mean you?

Caspar. Enough; to-night more may be procured.

Max. This night, said you?

Caspar. Great events await you; for you, on this very night,
Nature herself will offer her assistance.

Max. Well, my destiny demands it: procure me such a bullet.

Max.

(Berührt den Stecher; das Gewehr geht los. In demselben Augenblick hört man ein gellendes Gelächter, so dasz sich MAX erschrocken nach CASPAR umsieht.)

Was ist das?

Caspar. Victoria! das wird dich bei den Bauern in Respect setzen! das wird Agathen erfreuen! (*Rauft einige der grössten Federn aus und steckt sie auf Maxens Hut.*) So Kamerad! dies als Siegeszeichen.

Max. Traum'ich denn, oder bin ich berauscht? So etwas ist mir noch nie begegnet!—Caspar! ich bitte dich, ich beschwöre dich—(*Faszt ihn.*) Caspar! ich bringe dich um—Sag', was war das für eine Kugel?

Caspar. Nun, wenn du Vernunft annimmst—so sag' mir—du, der wackerste Jäger, bist du, oder stellst du dich so unerfahren? Wüsstest du wirklich nicht, was eine Freikugel sagen will?

Max. Der Schusz ist unglaublich—in trüber Dämmerung—aus den Wolken herabgeholt! So wäre es doch wahr? Hast du noch mehr solche Kugeln?

Caspar. Es war die letzte—sie haben gerade ausgereicht.

Max. Bist du doch auf einmal so wortkarg!—Ausgereicht! Wie verstehst du das?

Caspar. Weil sie in dieser Nacht zu bekommen sind.

Max. In dieser Nacht?

Caspar. Ja doch! Max! Kamerad! Dein Schicksal steht unter dem Einflusse günstiger Gestirne! Du bist zu hohen Dingen ersehen! Heute, gerade in der Nacht zuvor, ehe du den Probeschusz thun, Amt und Braut dir gewinnen sollst, wo du der Hülfe unsichtbarer Mächte so sehr bedarfst, beut die Natur selbst sich zu deinem Dienste!

Max. Wohl! Mein Geschick will's!—Schaff mir so eine Kugel!

Caspar. Be thou in the Wolf's Glen at the first stroke of twelve.

Max. Meet you in the Wolf's Glen, and at midnight? No! strange tales are told about the glen; and it is said that at midnight the gates of hell are there open.

Caspar. Coward! at another's cost, then, you would gain your object. (*Takes up the eagle.*) Do you suppose this eagle came to you by chance?

Max. Wretch, I lack not courage.

Caspar. Show it, then. The girl is deeply in love with you, cannot live without you, and will die broken-hearted. You will become the jest of all mankind, and perhaps in despair—(*Holding his hand to his eyes as if wiping away his tears.*) Shame, rude ranger! Alas, I love him more than myself! (*Aside.*) Aid me, Zamiel!

Max. Agathe to die! myself plunged in a gulf of misery! Yes, such would be the end! (*Gives CASPAR his hand.*) By the love I bear to Agathe, I'll come.

(ZAMIEL appears, nods, and vanishes.)

Caspar. Tell our design to no one; it might bring danger on us both. I shall expect you.

Max. I will be punctual—at twelve you'll see me!

(Exit quickly.)

SCENE VI.

AIR.

Caspar. Haste, haste, nor lose the fav'ring hour!

Thy victim now is in thy power;

Caspar. Sei Punkt zwölf Uhr in der Wolfsschlucht!

Max. Um Mitternacht — in der Wolfsschlucht! — Nein! die Schlucht ist verrufen, und um Mitternacht össnen sich die Pforten der Hölle, nein ich komme nicht.

Caspar. Feigling! Glaubst du, dieser Adler sei dir geschenkt? Doch Undank ist der Welt Lohn. Drollig! um Agathen zu trösten, wagtest du den Schusz; sie zu erwerben, fehlt es dir an Muth. Das würde sich das Wachspüppchen, das mich um deinetwillen verwarf, schwerlich einbilden! (*Vor sich.*) Es soll gerochen werden.

Max. Elender! Muth hab' ich—

Caspar. So bewähr' ihn! Brauchtest du schon eine Freikugel, so ist's ja ein Kinderspiel, welche zu gieszen. Was dir bevorsteht ohne diese Hülfe, kannst du aus deinen bisherigen Fehlschüssen leicht abnehmen. Das Mädchen ist auf dich versessen, kann nicht ohne dich leben; sie wird versweifeln! Du wirst allen Menschen ein Spott, herum-schleichen, vielleicht aus Verzweiflung—(*Drückt sich die Faust in die Augen, als träte das Wasser hinein.*) Schäme dich, rauher Waidmann, dasz du ihn mehr liebst, als er sich selbst! (*Vor sich.*) Hilf zu, Samiel!

Max. Agathe sterben! Ich in einen Abgrund springen! Ja, das wär' das Ende! — (*Giebt CASPAR die Hand.*) Bei Agathe's Leben! ich komme!

(SAMIEL, der bei den letzten Worten hervorgelauscht hat, nickt und verschwindet.)

Caspar. Schweig' gegen Jedermann! Es könnte dir und mir Gefahr bringen. Ich erwarte dich. Glock zwölf!

Max. Ich dich verrathen? — Glock zwölf! Ich komme!

(Schnell ab.)

SECHSTER AUFTRITT.

ARIA.

Caspar.

(Allein.)

Schweig, schweig—damit dich Niemand warnt!

Hell's dark'ning chains at length have
found him.
Soon his soul, repenting, will strive
to fly;
But struggling is vain, when hell links the
chain!
O! naught can break the fetters round
him:—
Revenge, thy triumph is nigh!

(Exit.)

Der Hölle Netz hat dich umgarnt,
Nichts kann vom tiefen Fall dich retten!
Umgebt ihn, ihr Geister mit Dunkel besch-
wingt!
Schon trägt er knirschend eure Ketten!
Triumph! die Rache, die Rache gelingt!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(An Ante-room in Gothic style. ANN mounts the steps to nail to the wall the picture of the first KUNO, and strikes the nail with a hammer. AGATHE in undress, taking a bandage off her head.)

DUET.

Ann. There, rogue! stay there, or I will teach
you,
We can do without your croaking
From your old owl's nest.

Agathe. Oh, respect the picture of our grand-
sire.

Ann. While I pay the respect due to the mas-
ter,
I would teach manners to the servant.

Agathe. Speak! what mean'st thou? what ser-
vant, say?

Ann. Why, the nail—how can you ask?
It surely should uphold its master;
It let him fall—that, sure, was wrong.

Agathe. } Yes, indeed, that was not right.
Ann. }

Agathe. All with thee is mirth and gladness;
My heart, alas! is full of sadness.

ZWEITER AUFZUG.

ERSTER AUFTRITT.

(Vorsan! im Forsthause. ANNCHEN steht auf einer Lei-
ter, hat das Bild des ersten KUNO'S wieder auf gehängt.
AGATHE bindet einen Verband von der Stirn.)

DUETTO.

Annchen. Schelm! halt fest!
Ich will dir's lehren,
Spukerei'n kann man entbehren
In solch altem Eulennest.

Agathe. Lasz das Ahnenbild in Ehren!

Annchen. Ei, dem alten Herrn
Zoll' ich Achtung gern;
Doch dem Knechte Sitte lehren,
Kann Respect nicht wehren—

Agathe. Sprich, wen meinst du? welchen
Knecht?

Annchen. Nun, den Nagel! Kannst du fragen?
Sollt' er seinen Herrn nicht tragen,
Liesz ihn fall'n? war das nicht schlecht?

Agathe. Ja, gewisz, das war nicht
recht. } zu-
Annchen. Das war wahrlich mehr, als } gleich
schlecht. }

(Steigt herunter und setzt die Leiter weg.)

Agathe. Alles wird dir zum Feste,
Alles beut dir Lachen und Scherz—
O wie anders fühlt mein Herz!

GRILLEN SIND MIR BÖSE GÄSTE.—OH, I HATE THIS SIGHING, WEEPING.

ANN.



Oh, I hate this sigh-ing, weep-ing; Al-ways be light and gay; Dance it thro' life a-way;
 Gril-len sind mir bö-se Gä-ste; im-mer mit leicht-tem Sinn tan-zen durch's Le-ben hin,
 Life is but one brief day; Sor-row and care are not for maid-ens,
 das nur ist Hoch-ge-winn! Sor-gen und Gram muss man ver-ja-gen!
 Dance it through life, through life a-way; . . . Life is but one brief day—
 Sor-gen und Gram muss man ver-ja-gen! im-mer mit leicht-tem Sinn!
 Oh, I hate this sigh-ing, weep-ing; Al-ways be light and gay, Life is but one brief day;
 Gril-len sind mir bö-se Gä-ste, im-mer mit leicht-tem Sinn tan-zen durch's Le-ben hin,
 Dance it thro' life a-way; Dance it thro' life, thro' life a-way.
 das nur ist Hoch-ge-winn— Sorg' und Gram muss man ver-ja-gen!

Agathe. Who can stay the bosom's swelling?
 Who soothe hearts that mourn in love?
 Oh, where grief once makes his dwelling,
 Who can e'er the inmate move?

Ann.

(Looks at the picture.)

There, now, your good ancestor may
 hang another century in this snug place.

Agathe. It is so very still and lonesome here.

Ann. Well, I must confess it is not pleasant,
 on a wedding eve, to be alone in an old
 haunted castle, particularly if the ancient
 pictures walk from off the walls just as
 they please. I prefer, for my part, the
 sight of young and handsome ones.

Agathe. Wer bezwingt des Busens Schlagen?
 Wer der Liebe süßen Schmerz?
 Stets um den Geliebten zagen
 Musz dies ahnungsvolle Herz!

Annchen.

(Beseht sich das Bild.)

So! nun wird der Altvater wohl wieder
 ein Jahrhundertchen festhängen.

Agathe. Es ist recht still und einsam hier—

Annchen. Unangenehm ist's freilich, in einem
 solchen verwünschten Schlosse am Polter-
 abende fast mutterseelen allein zu sein, zu-
 mal—wenn sich so ehrwürdige längst
 vermoderte Herrschaften mir nichts, dir
 nichts von den Wänden herabbemühen
 Da lob' ich mir die Lebendigen und Junger!

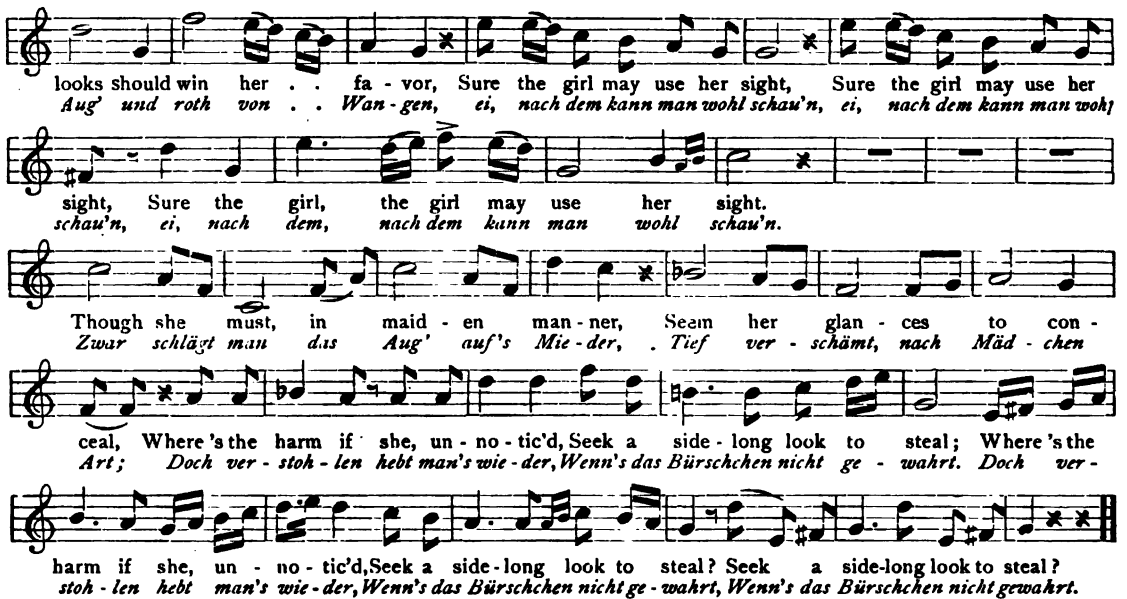
KOMMT EIN SCHLANKER BURSCH GEGANGEN.—IF A YOUTH SHOULD MEET A MAIDEN.

ANN.

SOLO.



If a youth should meet a maid-en, Need she run a-way with fright? If his
 Kommt ein schlan-ker Bursch ge-gang-en, blond von Lock-en o-der braun, hell von



looks should win her fa - vor, Sure the girl may use her sight, Sure the girl may use her
Aug' und roth von . . Wan - gen, ei, nach dem kann man wohl schau'n, ei, nach dem kann man wohl

sight, Sure the girl, the girl may use her sight.
schau'n, ei, nach dem, nach dem kann man wohl schau'n.

Though she must, in maid - en man - ner, Seam her glan - ces to con -
Zwar schlägt man das Aug' auf's Mie - der, . Tief ver - schämt, nach Mäd - chen

ceal, Where's the harm if she, un - no - tic'd, Seek a side - long look to steal; Where's the
Art; Doch ver - stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht ge - wahrt. Doch ver -

harm if she, un - no - tic'd, Seek a side - long look to steal? Seek a side - long look to steal?
stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht ge - wahrt, Wenn's das Bürschchen nicht gewahrt.

Ann. Should their eyes by chance encounter,
 I no guilt therein can find.
 Though her cheeks may blush a little,
 Sure it will not strike her blind.
 Looking hither, looking thither,
 Looks are follow'd soon by sighs;
 Then, a little courage taking,
 He makes love, and she denies.
 But before a twelvemonth passes,
 Forth they ramble side by side;
 Marriage ends the village scandal—
 He the bridegroom, she the bride.

(AGATHE having during the song arranged her dress, joins in the last verse.)

Ann. That's right! That's as I like to see
 you—merry, as I mean to be when I'm a
 bride.

Agathe. Who knows? You will have my
 best wishes; my own bridal evening is not
 a very happy one. On my return to-day
 from the hermit, I felt a depression and an
 anguish all unknown to me before; but I
 am better now.

Ann. How was that? tell me. I know not
 the result of your visit: I only know that
 the holy man gave you the sanctified
 wreath of roses.

Annchen. Sollten ja sich Blicke finden,
 Nun, was hat auch das für Noth?
 Man wird drum nicht gleich erblinden,
 Wird man auch ein wenig roth.
 Blickchen hin und Blick herüber,
 Bis der Mund sich auch was traut!
 Er seufzt: Schönste! Sie spricht: Lieber!
 Bald heiszt's Bräutigam und Braut.
 Immer näher, liebe Leutchen!
 Wollt ihr mich im Kranze seh'n?
 Nicht, das ist ein nettes Bräutchen,
 Und der Bursch nicht minder schön?

(AGATHE,—die während des Liedchens angefangen hat
 das Kleid mit Band zu besetzen, fällt mit ein.)

Annchen. So recht! so gefällt du mir,
 Agathe! So bist du doch wie ich sein
 werde,—(wichtig) wenn ich einmal Braut
 bin.

Agathe. Wer weiz! Doch ich gönne dir's
 von Herzen, ist auch mein Brautstand nicht
 ganz kummerlos. Besonders seit ich heute
 von dem Eremiten zurückkam, hat mir's
 wie ein Stein auf dem Herzen gelegen.
 Jetzt fühle ich mich um Vieles leichter.

Annchen. Wie so? Erzähle doch! Noch
 weisz ich gar nicht wie dein Besuch abge-
 laufen ist, ausser dasz dir der fromme Greis
 geweihte Rosen geschenkt hat!

Agathe. He forewarned me of danger foretold to him in a vision, and presented me with these roses. His prediction has proved correct: the falling picture might have killed me.

Ann. Well cleared up—I wish all bad omens could be as agreeably accounted for.

Agathe. I now value the roses more, and will cherish them accordingly.

Ann. Shall I, during the freshness of the evening, place them on the window-sill? Let us retire to rest.

Agathe. Not before Max has arrived.

Ann. Oh, what a deal of trouble there is with you lovers!

(Exit, with the roses in her hand.)

SCENE II.

Agathe. Before mine eyes beheld him,
Sleep never was my foe;
But hand-in-hand with sorrow
Love's ever wont to go.
The moon displays her silvery light;—
Oh, lovely night!

(Standing in the Balcony, with her hands clasped in an attitude of devotion.)

Agathe. Er warnte mich vor einer unbekannten groszen Gefahr, welche ihm ein Gesicht offenbart habe. Nun, ist seine Warnung ja in Ersüllung gegangen. Das herabstürzende Bild konnte mich tödten!

Annchen. Gut erklärt! So musz man böse Vorbedeutungen nehmen!

Agathe. Die Rosen sind mir nun doppel't theuer, und ich will ihrer auf das treueste pflegen.

Annchen. Wie wär's, wenn ich sie in die Nachtfrische vor's Fenster setzte? Es wird ohnedies zeit mich auszukleiden. Aber dann lasz uns auch zu Bettegehn.

Agathe. Thue das, liebes Annchen. Nicht eher, bis Max da ist.

Annchen. Hat man nicht seine Noth mit euch Liebesleuten!

(Ab.)

ZWEITER AUFTRITT.

Agathe.

(Allein.)

Wie naht mir der Schlummer,
Bevor ich ihn geseh'n?—
Ja, Liebe pflegt mit Kummer
Stets Hand in Hand zu geh'n!
Ob Mond auf seinem Pfad wohl lacht!

(Sie öffnet das Fenster.)

Welch' schöne Nacht!

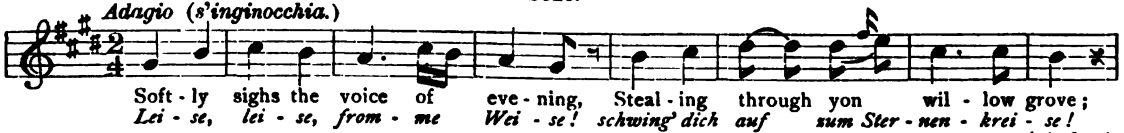
(Betend.)

LEISE, LEISE FROMME WEISE!—SOFTLY SIGHS THE VOICE OF EVENING.

AGATHE.

Adagio (s'inginocchia.)

SOLO.



RECIT.



storm o'er yon - der mountain Dark-ly brood - ing seems to low'r; And a-long yon for - est's
 dort in der Ber - ge Fer - ne scheint ein Wet - ter auf - zu - zieh'n. Dort am Wald' auch schwebt ein

side Clouds of darkness slowly glide. Oh, what ter - rors thrill my bos - om! Where, my Max, . . .
 Heer Düst'rer Wolken dumps und schwer. Zu dir wen - de Ich die Han - de, Herr ohn' An - jung

dost thou rove! Oh, may Heav'n's protec - tion shel - ter Him my heart . . . must ev - er love.
 und ohn' Ende! Vor Ge - fah - ren Uns zu wah - ren, Sen - de deine . . . En - gel - schaaren!

Agathe. Earth hath lull'd her cares to rest:
 Why delays my loitering love?
 Fondly beats my anxious breast!—
 Where, my Max, dost thou rove?
 Scarce the night-wind's whisper'd vows
 Wake a murmur 'mong the boughs;
 While the widow'd nightingale
 Softly tells her piteous tale!
 Hark! hark! a sound I heard in yonder
 grove:
 Hark! hark! it is his step—it is my love!
 It is! Again my heart shall prove
 The bliss that springs from anxious love!
 The moonbeam is shining bright—
 Heaven! does it mock my sight?
 See, flowers around his hat are bound—
 Success my Max's hopes has crown'd!
 Oh, bliss! thy Agathe then shall see
 The victor's chaplet giv'n, my love, to
 thee!

Agathe. Alles pflegt schon längst der Ruh;
 Trauter Freund! was weilest du?
 Ob mein Ohr auch ängstlich lauscht,
 Nur der Tannen Wipfel rauscht,
 Nur das Birkenlaub im Hain
 Flüstert durch die bange Stille;
 Nur die Nachtigall und Grille
 Scheint der Nachluft sich zu freu'n.
 Doch wie? Trugt mich mein Ohr?
 Dort klingt's wie Schritte—
 Dort aus der Tannen Mitte
 Kommt was hervor—
 Er ist's! er ist's!
 Die Flagge der Liebe mag wehen!
 Dein Mädchen wacht
 Noch in der Nacht—
 Er scheint mich noch nicht zu sehen—
 Gott? täuscht das Licht
 Des Mondes nicht,
 So schmückt ein Blumenstrausz den
 Hut—
 Gewisz, er hat den besten Schuszz gethan!
 Das kündet Glück für morgen an!
 O süsse Hoffnung! Neu belebter Muth!—
 Alle meine Pulse schlagen,
 Und das Herz wallt ungestüm,
 Süsz entzückt entgegen ihm!
 Konnt' ich das zu hoffen wagen?—
 Ja, es wandte sich das Glück
 Zu dem theuern Freund zurück,
 Will sich morgen treu bewähren!
 Ist's nicht Täuschung, ist's nicht Wahn?—
 Himmel, nimm des Dankes Z hren
 Für dies Pfand der Hoffnung an!

ALL MEINE PULSE SCHLAGEN.—HOPE AGAIN IS WAKING.

AGATHE.

SOLO.

Hope a - gain is wak-ing, Lulling in my anx-ious breast Ev - 'ry . . doubt-ing . .
 All' mei-ne Pul - se schla-gen, Und das Herz wallt un - ge - stüm, Süsz ent - zückt ent -



fear to rest, Ev-ry doubt-ing fear to rest! Joy once more is o'er me
ge-gen ihm! Susz ent-zückt ent-ge-gen ihm! Konnt'ich das zu hof-fen

breaking, Joy once more is o'er me break-ing, Joy once more is o'er me break-ing,
wa-gen? Konnt'ich das zu hof-fen wa-gen, Konnt'ich das zu hof-fen wa-gen?

Chas-ing, with her heav'nly light, Sor-row's dark and drear-y night! Hope now
Ja, . . es wand-te sich das Glück Zu dem theu-ren Freund zu-rück; Will sich

whis-pers that to-mor-row Sees my wish-es fond-ly blest! Is't il-
mor-gen treu be-wäh-ren! Will sich mor-gen treu be-wäh-ren! Ist's nicht

lu-sion? do I now dream? Hence, then,
Täuschung? ist's nicht Wahn? Him-mel,

ev-'ry tho't of sor-row! Joy is now my bos-om's guest. Hence, then, . . ev-'ry . . .
nimm des Dan-kes Zäh-ren Für dies Pfand der Hoff-nung an! Him-mel, . . nimm des . .

thought of sor-row, Joy is now my bos-om's guest.
Dan-kes Zäh-ren Für dies Pfand der Hoff-nung an!

SCENE III.

(AGATHE: MAX enters hurriedly, followed immediately by ANN.)

Agathe. At last, dear Max, you are here.

Max. My dear Agathe! (*They embrace.*)
Forgive me, if your rest has been broken
by my absence. I come but for a few mo-
ments now.

Agathe. You will not, surely, leave me again?
The weather lowers fearfully.

Max. Indeed, I must.

Agathe. You appear in a bad humor; have you
again missed the mark?

DRITTER AUFTRITT.

(AGATHE. MAX. Gleich nach ihm ANNCHEN.)

Agathe. Bist du endlich da, lieber Max?

Max. Meine Agathe! (*Sie umarmen sich.*)
Verzeiht, wenn ihr meinetwegen aufgeblei-
ben seid! Leider komm' ich nur auf wenig
Augenblicke—

Agathe. Du willst doch nicht wieder fort?
Es sind Gewitter im Anzuge.

Max. Ich musz!

Agathe. Du scheinst übel gelaunt.
Wieder unglücklach gewesen?

Max. No; on the contrary, the largest bird of prey has fallen by my gun.

Agathe. Be not so over sanguine, Max; you alarm me!

Max. Pardon me. (*Observes blood on her forehead.*) But what's this? You are wounded—your locks are wet with blood! Oh, what has happened to you?

Agathe. Nothing, nothing at all; it will be healed before the bridal procession begins; do not therefore be ashamed of your bride. But be not so reserved. I love you dearly; should you to-morrow be unsuccessful, and we be parted, my heart will break.

Max. Even so; and 't is for that reason I must leave you now.

Agathe. But what compels you to go?

Max. I have—I have been once more successful.

Agathe. Once more?

Max.

(Without looking at her.)

Yes, once more; I shot a stag at twilight, and I must needs get it home to-night, or the peasants may carry it off.

Agathe. Where lies the deer?

Max. At some distance, far in the forest, near the Wolf's Glen.

TRIO.

Agathe. Ah, what! oh, horror!
There imps of darkness lie!

Ann. The fiendish huntsman haunts its hollow,
And bids th'unwary traveller fly.

Max. Should fables daunt a hunstman's mind?

Agathe. Who prudence scorns, may danger find.

Max. I scorn those weak and heartless terrors
That haunt the woods in midnight hour,
When all the trees are bending, crashing,
When owlets cry, and dark clouds low'r.

(MAX takes up his hat.)

Max. Nein! nein! Im Gegentheil!

Agathe. Nicht? gewisz nicht?

Max.

(Mit Verlegenheit.)

Ich habe—(*Bemerkt Blut an ihrer Stirn.*) Um aller Heiligen willen, was ist dir begegnet?

Agathe. Nichts! soviel als nichts! Es heilt noch vor'm Brautgang. Du sollst dich d'rum deines Bräutchens nicht schämen!

Max.

(Steht in Gedanken.)

Ich musz wieder fort!

Agathe. Aber was treibt dich?

Max. Ich habe—ich bin noch ein Mal glücklich gewesen—

Agathe. Noch ein Mal?

Max. Ja doch! ja! (*ohne AGATHEN ansehen zu können.*) Ich hab' in der Dämmerung einen Sechzehndner geschossen, der musz noch hereinschafft werden, sonst stehlen ihn des Nachts die Bauern.

Agathe. Wo liegt der Hirsch?

Max. Ziemlich weit—im tiefen Walde—bei der Wolfsschlucht!

TERZETTO.

Agathe. Wie? was? Entsetzen?
Dort in der Schreckensschlucht?

Annchen. Der wilde Jäger soll dort hetzen,
Und wer ihn hört, ergreift die Flucht.

Max. Darf Furcht im Hirn des Waidmanns hausen?

Agathe. Doch sündigt der, wer Gott versucht.

Max. Ich bin vertraut mit jenem Grausen,
Das Mitternacht im Walde weht,
Wenn sturmbewegt die Eichen sausen,
Der Häher krächzt, die Eule schwebt—

(Nimmt Hut und Büchse.)

Agathe. Oh, do not, Max, leave me,
For horror thrills my veins.

Ann. Oh, do not, Max, leave her,
For horror thrills her veins.

Max.
(Looking in a pensive manner over the balcony.)
Still shines the moon in all her brightness;
But soon her fading brilliance wanes,
And sullen darkness reigns.

Ann. To count the stars I've no desire,—
They have no charms for me.

Agathe. Oh! will not then, my anguish move
thee?

Max. Ah! must I leave thee thus, in tears?

Agathe and Ann. Farewell!

Max. Farewell!
(MAX is going hastily, but returns.)

But does thy heart forgive me
My hasty words to-night?

Agathe. O yes, my heart forgives thee,—
Nor thou my warnings slight.

Ann. This is the huntsman's fortune,
No rest nor day nor night.

Agathe. Oh! if thou still wilt leave me,
My warning words obey.

Agathe. { Night now is fast approaching:
Max. { I must—I must away.
Ann. { Oh! let not grief o'ercome thee!
 { Think of my words, I pray.

(Exeunt.)

THE INCANTATION—FINALE.

(The Wolf's Glen—CASPAR is seen making a circle of black stones, in the midst of which he places a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould.)

Chorus of Invisible Spirits. Mist hath fallen
from the moon,
Uhüi—uhüi!

Agathe. Mir ist so bang! o bleibe!
O eile, eile nicht so schnell!

Annchen. Ihr ist so bang! o bleibe!
O eile, eile nicht so schnell!

Max. Noch birgt sich nicht die Mondenscheibe,
Noch strahlt ihr Schimmer dämmerhell;
Doch bald wird sie den Schein verlieren—

Annchen. Willst du den Himmel observiren?
Das wär' nun meine Sache nicht!

Agathe. O kann dich meine Angst nicht rüh-
ren?

Max. Mich ruft von hinnen — Wort und
Pflicht!

Agathe, Annchen. Leb wohl!

Max. Leb wohl!
(Er geht hastig fort und kehrt in der Thür noch einmal zurück. Mit Wehmuth.)
Doch hast du auch vergeben,
Den Vorwurf? den Verdacht?

Agathe. Nichts fühlt mein Herz, als Beben!
Nimm meiner Warnung Acht!

Annchen. So ist das Jägerleben!
Nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht!

Agathe. Weh' mir! Ich musz die lassen!

Max. Bald wird der Mond erblassen—

Agathe und Annchen. Denk' an Agathe's
Wort!

Max. Mein Schicksal reiszt mich fort!

(Ab.)

DIE BEZAUBERUNG—ENDE.

(Die Wolfsschlucht. CASPAR ohne Hut und Oberkleid.)

Stimmen unsichtbarer Geister. Milch des
Mondes siel auf's Kraut—
Uhui!

Blood the Spider's web hath died,

Uhüi—uhüi!

Ere to-morrow reaches noon,

Uhüi—uhüi!

Death will wed another bride,

Uhüi—uhüi!

Ere descends to-morrow's sun,

Deeds of darkness must be done,

Uhüi—uhüi—uhüi!

(A distant clock strikes ten with a dismal sound.)

Caspar.

(Taking out his hanger, and thrusting it into the skull; which he raises with the hanger, turns it round three times, and shouts aloud,—)

Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!

By the enchanter's skull oh, hear!

Zamiel! Zamiel! appear!

(ZAMIEL appears through an opening in the rock.)

Zamiel. Why call'st thou me?

Caspar. My course is almost done;

My race is almost run.

Zamiel. To-morrow!

Caspar. Once more prolong this life to me!

Zamiel. No!

Caspar. I bring a victim unto thee.

Zamiel. Whom?

Caspar. One who had never dared till now
To look upon thy dark and blasted brow.

Zamiel. What does he seek?

Caspar. Those fatal balls that strike beyond
the clouds!

Zamiel. Six obey you;
The seventh will betray you.

Caspar. Do thou the seventh guide,
And carry death unto his virgin bride!
This will be vengeance dear and high,
And her aged father—

Zamiel. I have no part in him, or her.

Caspar. Art thou content with one?

Zamiel. We'll see, when all is done.

Caspar. You grant it, then; and when seven
years are run—
I bring the victim death hath won.

Spinnweb' ist mit Blut bethaut—

Uhui!

Eh' noch wieder Abend grau't—

Uhui!

Ist sie todt, die zarte Braut—

Uhui!

Eh' noch wieder sink't die Nacht,

Ist das Opfer dargebracht.

Uhui! Uhui! Uhui!

(Du Uhr schlägt ganz in der Ferne dumpf Zwölf. Als der zwölfte Schlag fällt, reißt CASPAR den Hirschfänger heftig heraus, und stößt ihn in den Todtenschädel.)

Caspar.

(Erhebt den Hirschfänger mit dem Tottenkopse und ruft.)

Samiel! Samiel! erschien'!

Bei des Zaub'ers Hirngebein!

Samiel! Samiel! erschein'!

(Ein Felsen spaltet sic. SAMIEL wird sichtbar. CASPAR wirft sich vor ihm nieder.)

Samiel. Was rufst du mich?

Caspar. Du weizst, dasz meine Frist Schier
abgelaufen ist—

Samiel. Morgen!

Caspar. Verlängere sie noch einmal mir—

Samiel. Nein!

Caspar. Ich bringe neue Opfer dir—

Samiel. Welche?

Caspar. Mein Jagdgesell', er nah't—
Er, der noch nie dein dunk'les Reich betrat!

Samiel. Was sein Begeh'r—

Caspar. Freikugeln sind's, auf die er Hoff-
nung baut—

Samiel. Sechse treffen, sieben äffen.

Caspar. Die siebente sei dein!
Aus seinem Rohr lenk' sie nach seiner Braut;
Dies wird ihn der Verzweiflung weih'n;
Ihn und den Vater—

Samiel. Noch hab' ich keinen Theil an ihr!

Caspar. Genüg't er dir allein?

Samiel. Das findet sich!

Caspar. Doch schenk'st du Frist? und wieder
auf drei Jahr,
Bring' ich ihn dir zur Beute dar!

Zamiel. Be it so! By the gates of hell, to-morrow,
He or thou!

(Vanishes with noise of thunder.)

(CASPAR rises slowly, enfeebled; he wipes his forehead: the hanger with the skull has vanished. A small hearth, with lighted coals and faggots, and a flask, rises out of the earth.)

Caspar.

(Viewing it.)

Well served! (*He drinks.*) Thanks,
Zamiel! thou hast refreshed me! But
where is Max? Should he break his word!
Help, Zamiel!

(CASPAR moves to and fro, places faggots on the coals, blows the fire with his breath, till it blazes. MAX appears on the rock next the withered tree, opposite to the Cascade.)

RECITATIVE.

Max. How horrid, dark, and wild, and drear,
Doth this gaping gulf appear!
It seems the hue of hell to wear.
The bellowing thunder bursts yon clouds;
The moon with blood hath stained her
light!
What forms are those, in misty shrouds,
That stalk before my sight?
And now—hush, hush!
The owl is hooting in yon bush:
How yonder oak-tree's blasted branches
Upon me seem to frown!
My heart recoils; but terrors
Are vain;—Fate calls—I must down,
down!

(Descends a few steps, and stops.)

Caspar.

(Looking up and seeing Max.)

Thanks, Zamiel! the day is won! my
respite is obtained!—(*To MAX.*) What,
are you come at last, comrade? Was this
your pledge, to leave me so long alone? Do
you see how I am laboring?

(Fanning the fire with the eagle's wing, and then raising it in sight towards MAX.)

Max.

(Singing.)

I shot that eagle in yonder sky,—
I dare not tarry—I dare not fly.

(Stopping and riveting his eyes on the opposite rock.)

Ah me!

Caspar. Lose not the favoring time.

Max (*singing*). I dare not come.

Samiel. Es sei.—Bei den Pforten der Hölle!
Morgen—er oder du!

(SAMIEL verschwindet.)

Caspar.

(Steht auf als er sich umsieht und die Kohlen erblickt.)

Trefflich bedient. (*Thut einen Zug aus der Jagdflasche.*) Gesegn' es Samiel!
Er hat mich warm gemacht!—Aber wo
bleibt Max! Sollt' er wortbrüchig werden.—Samiel hilf!—

(Er geht im Kreise hin und her. Die Kohlen drohen zu verlöschen. Er knieet zu ihnen nieder, legt Reisz auf und bläst un. Die Eule und andere Vögel heben dabei die Flügel, als wollten sie anfachen.)

Max.

(Erscheint auf dem Felsen.)

Ha!—Furchtbar gähnt
Der düst're Abgrund!—welches Grau'n!
Das Auge wähnt
In einen Höllenpfuhl zu schau'n!
Wie dort sich Wetterwolken ballen!
Der mond verliert von seinem Schein!
Gespenst'ge Nebelbilder wallen!
Beleb't ist das Gestein!
Und hier—husch! husch!
Fliegt Nachtgevögel auf im Busch!
Rothgraue, narb'ge Zweige strecken
Nach mir die Riesenfaust!—
Nein, ob das Herz auch graus't,
Ich musz! Ich trotze allen Schrecken!

(Er klettert einige Schritte herab.)

Caspar.

(Richtet sich auf und erblickt ihn.)

Dank, Samiel! Die Frist ist gewonnen!
(*Zu MAX.*) Kommst du endlich, Kamerad?
Ist das auch recht, mich allein zu lassen?
Sieh'st du nicht, wie mir's fauer wird!

(Hat das Feuer mit dem Adlerflügel angefacht, und erbebt diesen im Gespräch gegen MAX.)

Max.

(Nach dem Adlerflügel starrend.)

Ich schosz den Adler aus hoher Luft;
Ich kann nicht rückwärts—mein Schicksal
ruft!—

(Blickt starr nach dem gegenüber stehenden Felsen.)

Wehe mir!

Caspar. So komm' doch! die Zeit eilt---

Max. Ich kann nicht hinab!

Caspar. Coward! No goat like thee can climb.

Max. Look there!

(Pointing to a rock, over which a Female Spectre, with uplifted hands, is seen moving.)

My mother's spirit roams before mine eyes;
Thus in her shroud, thus in the grave she lies.

With lifted hands she seems to pray—
She beckons me away!

(The Spectre disappears.)

Caspar.

(Aside.)

Help, Zamiel! (*To MAX.*) What folly!—He! ha! ha! But look again, and see to what your folly leads.

(A female figure, representing Agathe, is seen, with hands uplifted, and a wreath upon her forehead—it appears distracted, and seems to be about to leap into the gulf beneath.)

Max. Agathe! Ah! she plunges in the stream! I then must down—down.

(The Form disappears; Max leaps down the rock. The moon becomes more obscure.)

Caspar (*aside, ironically*). I think so, too.

Max.

(Impetuously, to CASPAR.)

Well, I am here: what would you have me do?

Caspar.

(Taking a flask from his belt and handing it to Max.)

First drink: the night air is cold and damp. Come, you will cast the balls yourself!

Max. No: that is not according to our compact.

Caspar. No! Stand firm, then: whatever you may see or hear, stand there. (*Speaking in a tremor, which he tries to conceal.*) Should some strange beings come to assist us, shrink not—you need not fear. What matter who or what may come? If you are wise, you will heed naught to gain your cause.

Max. Oh! when will this end?

Caspar. Nothing venture, nothing have! The invisible powers will not, without much solicitation, give their treasures up to mortals. But when you see me falter—

Caspar. Hasenherz! Klimmst ja sonst wie eine Gemse!

Max. Sieh' dorthin! Sieh!

(Er deutet nach dem Felsen, wo man eine weiszverschleierte Gestalt erblickt.)

Was dort sich weis't,
Ist meiner Mutter Geist!
So lag sie im Sarg, so ruh't sie im Grab!
Sie fleh't mit warnendem Blick,
Sie winkt mir zurück.

Caspar.

(Vor sich.)

Hilf Samiel! (*Laut.*) Alberne Fratzen! Ho, hoho! Sieh' noch einmal hin, damit du die Folgen deiner feigen Thorheit erkennest.

(Die verschleierte Gestalt ist verschwunden. Man erblickt AGATHE'S Gestalt. Sie gleich't völlig einer Wahnsinnigen, und scheint im Begriff, sich in den Wasserfall herunter zu stürzen.)

Max. Agathe!—Sie springt in den Flusz!—Hinab! ich musz!

(Die Gestalt ist verschwunden. MAX klimmt vollends herab.)

Caspar. Ich denke wohl auch!

Max. Hier bin ich! Was hab' ich zu thun?

Caspar.

(Wirft ihm die Jagdflasche zu.)

Zuerst trink'! Die Nachtluft ist kühl und feucht. Willst du selbst giesen? Max! ich mag nicht.

Max. Nein! das ist widet die Abrede.

Caspar. Fasse Muth! Truk in den Kreis! Er ist eine ehrene Mauer gegen Geistergewalt. Was du auch hören und sehen magst, verhalte dich ruhig. Käm' vielleicht ein Unbekannter, uns zu helfen, wär' es auch ein schwarzer Reiter auf schwarzem, funkensprühendem Rosz, was kümmert's dich? Kömmt And'res, was thut's! So etwas sieh't ein Gescheidter gar nicht!

Max (*Tritt ein*). O! Wie wird das enden.

Caspar. Umsonst ist der Tod! Nur wann du mich selbst zittern sieh'st, dann komm' mir zu Hülfe und rufe, was ich rufen werde. Sonst sind wir veloren. (*MAX macht eine*

which perchance I may, but not from fear—come close to my side, and repeat after me each syllable I utter, or our cause will be lost forever!

(MAX waves his hand in assent.)

Caspar. To work, then—the moments are precious. (*The moon becomes suddenly obscured; CASPAR takes the crucible and ingredients from his pouch.*) Now, mark me, that you may be master of the art. (*Taking ingredients, and putting them one after the other into the crucible.*) First, then, the lead—Then this piece of glass, stolen from a church window—Some mercury—Three balls that have already hit the mark—The right eye of a lapwing, and the left of a lynx—*Probatum est.*—Now to ask a blessing on the balls.

(Bowling three times very low.)

Huntsman of this haunted dell,
Zamiel! Zamiel! work thy spell:
Aid me! aid me! with thy might,
Till the charm is finished quite.
Give thy blessing on the lead;
Hallow seven, nine, and three,
That the balls may faithful be.
Zamiel! Zamiel! list to me.

(The ingredients in the crucible begin to boil up, sending forth a greenish flame.—A cloud passes over the moon, which entirely obscures her light.)

Caspar.

(Letting fall the bullet which he has cast.)

One!

(Echoes repeat "one.")

(Echoes repeat as CASPAR counts "two"—"three"—"four," etc. Apparitions are seen pursuing a stag through the air.)

Invisible Chorus. Through hill and dale,
Through glen and mire,
Through dew and cloud,
Through storm and night,
Through earth and water, air and fire,
Unhurt, we spirits wing our flight.
Yoho! wau! wau!

Caspar. Horror! 'tis the wild chase in the air.—Six! Oh, horror!

Echo. Six! Oh! horror!

(The sky becomes suddenly dark. Meteors dart through the air. Flames issue from the earth. Torrents foam and rocks are torn up.)

Bewegung des Einwurfs.) Still! Die Augenblicke sind kostbar!—(*nimmt die Gieszkelle.*) Merk' auf, damit du die Kunst lernst. (*Er nimmt die Ingredienzien aus der Jagdtasche und wirft sie nach und nach hinein.*) Hier ist das Blei—Etwas gestoszenes Glas von zerbrochenen Kirch ufen tern; das findet sich!—Etwas Quecksilber!—Drei Kugeln, die schon einmal getroffen!—Das rechte Auge eines Wiedehopfs? Das linke eines Luchses!—*Probatum est!* Und nun den Kugelsegen.

(In drei Pausen sich mit dem Kopfe gegen die Erde neigend.)

Schütze, der im Dunkeln wacht!
Samiel! Samiel! hab' Acht!
Steh' mir bei in dieser Nacht,
Bis der Zauber ist vollbracht!
Salbe mir so Kraut als Blei,
Segn' es sieben, neun und drei,
Dasz die Kugel tüchtig sei!
Samiel! Samiel! herbei!

(*Die Masse in der Gieszkelle fängt an zu kochen. CASPAR gieszt, lässt die Kugeln aus der Form fallen und ruft:*) Eins! (*Das Echo wiederholt:*) Eins! (*CASPAR zählt:*) Zwei! (*Echo wiederholt.*) (*CASPAR zählt:*) Drei! (*Echo wie oben.*) (*CASPAR zählt ängstlich:*) Vier! (*Echo wie oben.*) (*CASPAR, immer ängstlicher, zählt:*) Fünf! (*Echo wiederholt. Das wilde Heer.*) Wehe! Das wilde Heer!

Chorus. Durch Berg und Thal, durch Schlund
und Schacht,
Durch Thau und Wolken, Sturm und
Nacht!
Durch Höhle, Sumpf und Erdenklufft!
Durch Feuer, Erde, See und Luft!
Jaho! Jaho! Wau! Wau!

Caspar. Sechs! Wehe! (*Echo.*) Sechs!
Wehe! (*CASPAR zuckend und schreiend:*)
Samiel! Samiel! Samiel, hilf!—Sieben!—Samiel! (*Echo:*) Sieben!—Samiel! (*CASPAR wird su Boden geworfen.*)

(Gleich fallsvom Sturme hin- und hergeschleudert, springt aus dem Kreise, faszt einem Ast des verdorrten Baums und schreit.)

Caspar.

(In violent agitation.)

Zamiel! (*Throwing himself upon the earth.*) Zamiel, hear me!—Seven!

Echo. Seven! seven!

Zamiel. I'm here.

(MAX and CASPAR crouching to the earth. MAX writhes about convulsively. The Curtain falls.)

Caspar. Samiel!

(In demselben Augenblick fängt das Ungewitter an, sich zu beruhigen, an der Stelle des verdorrten Baums steht der schwarze Jäger, nach Maxens Hand fassend.)

Samiel. Hier bin ich!

(Marx stürzt zu Boden. Es schlägt Eins. Plötzlich Stille.—SAMIEL ist verschwunden. CASPAR liegt noch mit dem Gesicht zu Boden. MAX richtet sich convulsivisch auf.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(A forest. MAX and CASPAR.)

Max.

(To CASPAR.)

Thank heav'n, we are alone! Hast more of these same magic-balls? then give!

Caspar. How likely! excuse me, but three for me, and four for thee, has help'd you to the lion's share!

Max. Alas, and I have left, but one! What hast done with those other balls?

Caspar. See, kill'd yonder trash with two.

Max (anxiously). But ye have still one left; oh give it me!

Caspar. Am I a fool! I have one—you one! then let it serve ye at the trial.

Max. Give me thy third!

Caspar. I may not—

Max. Beast!

Caspar. Well and good—now to dispose of the sixth; the seventh, the devil's bullet, serves him at the trial. Ha ha! There runs a fox! his man shall bolt the sixth!

(Runs off.)

DRITTER AUFZUG.

ERSTER AUFTRITT.

(MAX und CASPAR. Waldscene.)

Max. Gut, dasz wir allein sind!—Hast du noch von den Glückskugeln? Gieb!

Caspar. Das wär' mir! Bedenk! Drei nahm ich, vier für dich! Kann ein Bruder redlicher theilen?

Max. Aber ich habe nur noch eine! Was hast du denn mit den Kugeln angefangen?

Caspar. Da sieh, nach den Elstern hab' ich zwei verschossen.

Max. So hast du noch Eine; gieb mir sie!

Caspar. Dasz ich kein Narr wär'! Ich noch eine—du noch eine! Die heb' ich dir fein auf zu dem Probeschusz!

Max. Gieb mir deine Dritte!

Caspar. Ich mag nicht—

Max. Schuft!

(Ab.)

Caspar. Immerhin! — Jetzt geschwind die sechste Kugel verbraucht. (*Er ladel.*) Die siebente, die Teufelskugel, hebt er mir schon zum Probeschusse auf. Hahaha! Wohl bekomm's der schönen Braut!—dort läuft ein Füchlein; dem die sechste in den Pelz.

(Schieszt und ab.)

SCENE II.

(AGATHE'S Chamber. AGATHE discovered at the table, in a bridal dress.)

ZWEITER AUFTRITT.

(AGATHES Stübchen. AGATHE allein.)

UND OB DIE WOLKE SIE VERHULLE.—THOUGH CLOUDS BY TEMPESTS MAY BE DRIVEN.

AGATHE.

SOLO.

Tho' clouds by tem - pests may he driv - en A - cross the glo - rious throne of
 Und ob die Wol - ke sie ver - hül - le, Die Son - ne bleibt am Him - mels -

day, The sun, that nev - er sets in heav - en, Soon smiles the gath - 'ring gloom a -
 zelt! Es wal - tet dort ein heil' - ger Wil - le; Nicht blin - dem Zu - fall dient die

way: For tho' o'er earth the clouds may lower, O'er Him in heav'n they have no pow'r!
 Welt! Das Au - ge, rein und e - wig klar, Nimmt al - ler We - sen lie - bend wahr!

For tho' o'er earth the clouds may lower, Yet o'er Him in heav'n they have no
 Das Au - ge rein und e - wig klar, Nimmt al - ler We - sen lie - bend

pow'r, O'er Him in heav'n they have no pow'r, O'er Him they have no pow'r.
 wahr! Das Au - ge, rein und e - wig klar, Nimmt Al - ler lie - bend wahr!

Agathe. And thus, although the clouds of sorrow
 A shadow o'er the soul may throw,
 Yet hope, that dwells within the morrow,
 Though hidden, may not cease to glow;
 For though round mortals care may low'r,
 O'er him in Heaven it has no power.

Agathe. Für mich auch wird der Höchste forgen,
 Dem kindlich Herz und Sinn vertraut!
 Und wär' dies auch mein letzter Morgen,
 Rief mich sein Vaterwort als Braut
 Sein Auge, rein und ewig klar,
 Nimmt aller seiner Kinder wahr!

SCENE III.

(AGATHE, ANN.)

DRITTER AUFTRITT.

Ann. Well, you are quite prepared, I see; but
 you have been weeping—how sad you seem!

Annchen. Ei, du hast dich dazu gehalten!
 Aber du bist ja so wehmüthig; ich glaube
 gar du hast geweint?

Agathe. Max was, during this dreadful storm,
 in the forest, you know;—besides, I've had
 such terrific dreams.

Agathe. Und Max war in diesem schrecklichen
 Wetter im Walde!—Zudem habe ich so
 quälende Träume gehabt.

Ann. Dreams! I have heard that dreams, on the
 night before a wedding-day, have their por-
 tents. And what did you dream, may I ask?

Annchen. Träume? Ich habe immer gehört, was
 einem vor dem Hochzeittage träumt, musz
 man sich merken. Was träumtest du denn?

Agathe. It is wonderful to relate.—I dreamed
 that I was changed into a beautiful white
 dove, and was flying from tree to tree—
 Max fired at me—I fell—and then the white
 dove had vanished—I was again Agathe,
 and a large bird of prey was beside me, wel-
 tering in his blood in the agonies of death!

Agathe. Es klingt wunderbar. Mich träumte,
 ich in eine weisse Taube verwandelt und
 fliehe von Ast zu e. Max zielte nach mir,
 ich stürzte; aber nun war die isze Taube
 verschwunden, ich war wieder Agathe, und
 ein groszer Raubvogel wälzte sich im Blute

Ann.

(Clapping her hands.)
Charming! charming!

Agathe. How can you rejoice in such things?

Ann. Well, the black bird of prey: thus the whole may be explained. You were late in preparing your bridal dress; and certainly thought, before going to sleep, on your dress of to-day: that's the white dove! You were alarmed at the sight of the black feathers in Max's hat: there you have the black bird of prey! Am I not an excellent interpreter of dreams?

Agathe. Your love for me, dear Ann, makes you so: still, have you never heard of dreams being accomplished?

Ann.

(Aside.)

How tiresome! Can I not hit upon something to amuse her? (*Aloud, and with seeming earnestness.*) We certainly cannot help believing in some dreams. I myself know of a dreadful case.

ROMANCE AND AIR

Ann. Once, when my poor aunt was dreaming,
The door flew open as she slept;
Her nose was thin, her eyes were beaming,
As nearer, nearer crept
A monster dire,
With bright eyes like fire!
His chains rattled loudly,
His tail curl'd more proudly,
As onward he stepp'd:
His claws, too, grew longer—
Her terrors wax'd stronger!
He mourn'd, ah! so long, and groan'd, ah!
so deep!
She saints herself, cries,
With many prayers and many sighs,
Mary! Ann! Lucy!
And they rush in with light!
And—only think—and—
Oh, terrible sight!—
And—still I quake! and—
The ghost was Nero, the mastiff-dog!

RECITATIVE.

What! angry, dear?
Cast off this sorrow;
Cast off this idle fear,
For tears suit not the bridal morrow.

Annchen.

(Klatscht in die Hände.)

Allerliebste! allerliebste!

Agathe. Wie kannst du dich nur über so etwa freuen?

Annchen. Nun, der schwarze Raubvogel—hast du ja die ganze Bescheerung! Du arbeitest noch spät an dem weissen Brautkleide und dachtest gewisz vor dem Einschlafen an deinen heutigen Staat; da hast du die weisse Taube! Du erschrockst vor den Adlerfedern auf Maxens Hute, es schauert dir überhaupt vor Raubvögeln; da hast du den schwarzen Vogel! Bin ich nicht eine geschickte Traumdeuterin?

Agathe. Teine Liebe zu mir macht dich dazu, liebes, fröhliches Kind! Gleichwohl—hast du nie gehört dasz Träume in Erfüllung gingen?

Annchen.

(Für sich.)

Fällt mir denn nichts ein, sie zu zerstreuen? (*Laut, mit scheinbarer Ernsthaftigkeit und Furcht.*) Freilich, Alles kann man nicht verwerfen! Ich selbst weisz da ein Grausen erregendes Beispiel.

ARIE.

Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base,
Die Kammerthür eröffne sich,
Und—kreideweisz ware ihre Nase;
Denn näher, furchtbar näher schlich
Ein Ungeheuer,
Mit Augen, wie Feuer,
Mit klirrender Kette—
Es nahte dem Bette,
In welchem sie schlief—
Ich meine die Base
Mit kreidiger Nase—
Und stöhnte, ach! so hohl! und ächzte,
ach! so tief!
Sie kreuzte sich, rief!
Nach manchem Angst- und Stoszgebet:
Susanne! Margreth!
Und sie kamen mit Licht—
Und—denke nur?—und—
Erschrick mir nur nicht!—
Und graus't mir doch!—und—
Der Geist war—Nero—der Kettenhund.

(AGATHE wendet sich unwillig ab.)

Du zürnst mir?—
Doch kannst du wännen,
Ich fühle nicht mit dir?—
Nur ziemen einer Braut nicht Thränen!

AIR.

Eyes of gladness,
Not of sadness,
Should shine on bridal hour:
Cheerful fancies,
Tender glances,
Heart that dances,
Smiles of pleasure,
Best become the bridal measure;
These should be the maiden's dower.
Let your sour only
Pine in penance lonely,—
Youth dwells in hope's rosy sphere;
Now the stars of love are beaming;
Now the nuptial torch is streaming,—
Dearest maiden, banish fear.
But now I must fetch the bridal wreath.
Old Elizabeth has brought it home from town. Oh, poor thing, I left it below.
But list! the bridesmaids are coming already!

(Exit.)

SCENE IV.

Trübe Augen,
Liebchen, taugen
Einem holden Bräutchen nicht.
Dasz durch Blicke
Sie bestricke
Und erquicke,
Alles um sich der entzücke,
Das ist ihre schönste Pflicht.—
Lasz in öden Mauern
Büszerrinnen trauern.
Dir winkt ros'ger Hoffnung Licht,
Schon entzündet sind die Kerzen
Zum Verein getreuer Herzen—
Holde Freundin zage nicht!

Nun musz ich aber auch geschwind den Kranz holen. Die alte Elsbeth hat ihn eben aus der Stadt mitgebracht und ich vergessliches Ding liesz ihn unten. Horch, da kommen die Brautjungfern schon!

VIERTER AUFTRITT.

WIR WINDEN DIR DEN JUNGFERNKRANZ.—A BRIDAL WREATH WE TWINE FOR THEE.
SONG AND CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

A bri - dal wreath we twine for thee, Of pur - ple silk the twine shall be, For
Wir win - den dir den Jung - fern - kranz Mit veil - chen - blau - er Sei - de; Wir
love will strew thy fu - ture hours, With myr - tle leaves and ro - sy flow'rs.
füh ren dich zu Spiel und Tanz, Zu Glück und Lie - bes - freu - de!

CHORUS.

Love with myr - tle leaves and ro - sy flow'rs,
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz!

Love with myr - tle leaves and ro - sy flow'rs,
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz!

now will strew thy fu - ture hours, Now will strew thy fu - ture hours.
Veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de, Veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

Now will strew thy fu - ture hours, Now will strew thy fu - ture hours.
Veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de, Veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

Second Bridesemaid. Oh, let not sorrow venture now
To cast its shadow o'er thy brow;
For love will strew thy future hours
With myrtle leaves and rosy flowers.

Chorus. Love, with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers,
Now will strew thy future hours.

Third Bridesmaid. And may our wreath an emblem prove
Of sweetest hours of blissful love!
For, when the rose of life is past,
The constant myrtle still shall last.

Chorus. Love, etc.

Fourth Bridesmaid. Thrice happy she the wreath who wears
Of Hymen's gentle weaving;
The chain that stronger grows with years,
In which there's no deceiving.

Chorus. Love, etc.

SCENE V.

(Same. ANN, with a small box in her hands, joins the Chorus.)

Ann. Here I am again; but, would you believe it, Agathe, old father Kuno has again played off his tricks!

Agathe. What can this portend? He was our great and respected ancestor.

Ann. A whisper terrifies you; but really, in such a gloomy night, nothing less can be expected. But let us hear the song once more.

Chorus. Love with myrtle leaves and rosy flowers
Now will strew thy future hours.

(ANN with bended knees, presents AGATHE the box. AGATHE opens it, and starts.)

Eine Brautjungfer. Lavendel, Mirt' und Tymian,
Das wächst in meinem Garten;
Wie lang bleibt doch der Freiersmann?
Ich kann es kaum erwarten.

Alle (wie oben). Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz u.s.w.

Eine Brautjungfer. Sie hat gesponnen sieben Jahr
Den gold'nen Flachs am Rocken,
Die Schleier sind wie Spinnweb' klar,
Und grün der Kranz der Locken.

Alle (wie oben). Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz u.s.w.

Eine Brautjungfer. Und als der schmucke Freier kam,
War'n sieben Jahr verronnen;
Und weil sie der Herzbilbste nahm,
Hat sie den Kranz gewonnen.

Alle (wie oben). Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz u.s.w.

FÜNFTER AUFTRITT.

(Mit einer zugebundenen runden Schachtel eintretend fällt mit ein.)

Die Vorigen. Annchen. Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz u.s.w.

Nun, da bin ich wieder! Aber fast wär' ich auf die Nase gefallen. Kannst du dir's denken, Agathe? der alte Herr Cuno hat schon wieder gespukt.

Agathe.

(Beklommen.)

Fast konnt' es mir ängsten! Er war der Urvater unsers Stammes—

Annchen. Du zitterst auch vor einer Spinne! Nun frisch! Noch einmal das Ende des Liedchens!

(Sie schneidet den Bindfaden entzwei, knieet tändelnd vor AGATHEN nieder und überreicht ihr die Schachtel.)

Alle.

(Auszer AGATHEN.)

Schöner, grüner Jungfernkranz u.s.w.

Agathe. (Offnet und fährt zurück.) Ach!

(Alle, auszer ANNCHEN, die noch knieet, fahren gleichfalls erblassend zurück.)

Ann. Well, what's the matter?

(AGATHE takes out the wreath, which is a funeral one.)

Ann.

(Herself frightened, endeavors to conceal it.)

This is not to be borne. The old lady has surely changed the boxes. (*The Bridesmaids look at each other. AGATHE, in silence, raises her eyes and hands.*) But what shall we do now? (*She covers the box, and puts it aside, peevishly.*) Away with it—but a wreath we must have. (*Takes the roses hurriedly out of the vase, makes them into a wreath, and dresses AGATHE's head with it.*) An excellent thought! They entwine themselves, and suit you wonderfully. But now let us depart: our companions await us.

(The Bridesmaids, with ANN, in a lowered voice, repeat the Chorus.)

SCENE VI.

(Tent of PRINCE OTTOCAR, with Lords, Courtiers, and Hunters, feasting therein. OTTOCAR, KUNO, MAX, CASPAR, ANN, AGATHE, the Hermit, Bridesmaids, and a number of Country-People, grouped behind.)

Annchen. Nun, was ist denn?

(AGATHE nimmt den Kranz heraus; es ist ein silberner Todtenkranz.)

Annchen.

(Sehr erschrocken.)

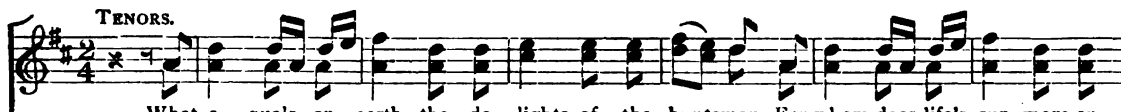
Eine Todtenkrone—Himmel, das ist—(*aufspringend und ihre Verlegenheit verbergend*). Nein, das ist nicht zum ushal-
ten; da hat die alte halbblinde Frau gewisz die Schachteln vertauscht; Aber was fangen wir nun an? (*verbirgt die Schachtel schnell.*) Weg damit; Einen Kranz müssen wir haben; (*nimmt die Rosen schnell aus dem Blumentopfe, verschlingt sie zu einem Kranze und setzt ihn AGATHEN auf.*) Ein herrlicher Einfall; Sie verschlingen sich von selbst und stehen dir allerliebste! doch nun laszt uns auch gehen. Unsere Begleiter werden sonst ungeduldig.

SECHSTER AUFTRITT.

(Hoflager des Fürsten. OTTOCAR, CUNO, MAX, CASPAR' Jäger. Nachher AGATHE, ANNCHEN, der Eremit, Brautjungfern und Landleute.)

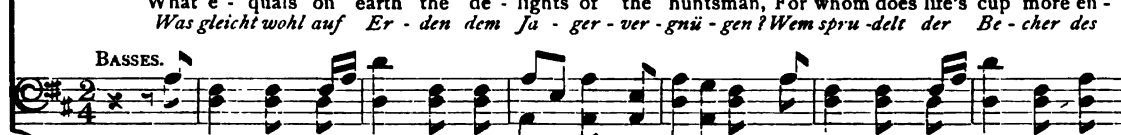
JÄGER CHOR.—CHORUS OF HUNSMEN.

TENORS.



What e - quals on earth the de - lights of the huntsman, For whom does life's cup more en -
Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Ja - ger - ver - gnü - gen? Wem spru - delt der Be - cher des

BASSES.



What e - quals on earth the de - lights of the huntsman, For whom does life's cup more en -
Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Ja - ger - ver - gnü - gen? Wem spru - delt der Be - cher des



chant - ing - ly flow? To fol - low the stag thro' the for - ests and mead - ows, when
Le - bens so reich? Beim Klang - e der Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - gen, den

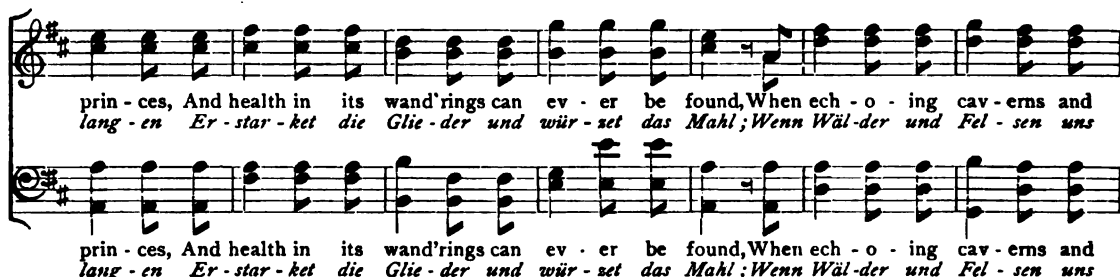


chant - ing - ly flow? To fol - low the stag thro' the for - ests and mead - ows, when
Le - bens so reich? Beim Klang - e der Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - gen, den



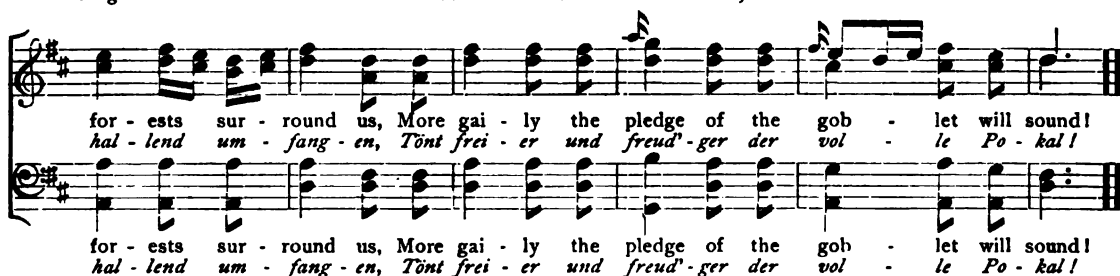
bright-ly the beams of the morn-ing first glow, Oh, this is a pleas-ure that's wor-thy of
Hirsch zu ver - fol - gen durch Dick-icht und Teich, Ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ-lich Ver -

bright-ly the beams of the morn-ing first glow, Oh, this is a pleas-ure that's wor-thy of
Hirsch zu ver - fol - gen durch Dick-icht und Teich, Ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ-lich Ver -



prin - ces, And health in its wand'rings can ev - er be found, When ech - o - ing cav - erns and
lang - en Er - star - ket die Glie - der und wür - set das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und Fel - sen uns

prin - ces, And health in its wand'rings can ev - er be found, When ech - o - ing cav - erns and
lang - en Er - star - ket die Glie - der und wür - set das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und Fel - sen uns



for - ests sur - round us, More gai - ly the pledge of the gob - let will sound!
hal - lend um - fang - en, Tönt frei - er und freud' - ger der vol - le Po - kal!

for - ests sur - round us, More gai - ly the pledge of the gob - let will sound!
hal - lend um - fang - en, Tönt frei - er und freud' - ger der vol - le Po - kal!

The light of Diana illumines our forest,
 The shades where in summer we often
 retreat;
 Nor is then the fell wolf in his covert se-
 curest—
 The boar from his bier is laid at our feet!
 Oh, this is pleasure, etc.

Ottocar. Finish the feast, my good friends;
 and then to more serious business. I fully
 approve the choice you have made, my
 good Kuno. I like your intended son-in-law
 much; but he seems scarcely hardy enough
 for a huntsman.

Kuno. That cannot be denied; and yet, he used
 to rank among the first.

Ottocar. 'Tis well. We must do all honor to
 old customs. Well, young huntsman, one
 more shot, such as the three first of this
 morning, and you are secure. (*Looking
 about.*) Do you see yonder dove?—that
 will be an easy shot.

Diana ist kundig, die Nacht zu erhellen,
 Wie labend am Tage ihr Dunkel uns kühlt,
 Den blutigen Wolf und den Eber zu fällen.
 Der gierig die grünenden Saaten durch-
 wühlt,
 Ist fürstliche Freude, ist männlich Verian-
 gen u.s.w.

Ottocar. Genug der Freuden des Mahls, werthe
 Freunde und Jagdgenossen! und nun noch
 zu etwas Ernstem. Ich genehmige sehr
 gern die Wahl, welche Ihr, mein alter
 wackerer Cuno, getroffen habt. Der von
 Euch erwählte Eidam gefällt mir.

Cuno. Ich kann ihm in Allem das beste Zeug-
 nisz geben.

Ottocar. Wohlauf, junger Schütz! einen
 Schusz, wie heut' früh deine drei ersten,
 und du bist geborgen! Siehst du dort auf
 dem Zweige die weisse Taube? Die Auf-
 gabe ist leicht. Schiesz!

MAX aims. At this moment AGATHE and the Bridesmaids appear between the trees.

Agathe (calling to MAX). Do not fire!
I am the dove!

(The Hermit appears on a hill, chasing away the dove. It flies into the tree where CASPAR is hiding. MAX follows it with his rifle, and fires. The dove flies off. CASPAR and AGATHE cry out. The Hermit assists AGATHE.)

Chorus. See! behold! he has struck his own bride!

The hunter, too, falls from the tree!
At the deed we tremble, terrified;

Oh, horrid fate, what can this be?
Oh, we may scarcely dare to know
Who is the victim of so dread a blow!

(AGATHE, coming forward.)

Agathe (greatly alarmed). Where am I?—
Is it a dream?—Am I alive?

Ann. Calm yourself.

Max and Kuno. She lives!—thanks to Heaven,
Agathe still lives!

Chorus. To Heaven give thanks and praise,
For ~~see~~ fair Agathe lives!

(Pointing to CASPAR.)

See! he is struck with death's paleness!

Caspar. I saw the holy man beside her;—
Yes, Heaven has conquered, my hopes
were vain.

Agathe. I breathe—'t was fear that seized me;
Yes, now I freely breathe again.

Max. Agathe, still thou livest!

Agathe. Yes, Max, still I live!

(ZAMIEL rises through the earth, and is only visible to CASPAR.)

Caspar.

(Seeing ZAMIEL.)

Zamiel! you still so nigh me!
Is't thus thy word thou keepest by me?
Take thy victim! I defy thee!
On Heaven and thee my curses fall!

(CASPAR falls to the earth.)

Chorus. Ah, what a prayer for one that's dying!

(MAX legt an. In dem Augenblicke, da er losdrücken will, tritt AGATHE mit den Uebrigen zwischen den Bäumen heraus und schreit.)

Agathe. Schiesz nicht! Ich bin die Taube.

(Der Schusz fällt. Sowohl AGATHE als CASPAR sinken Hinter der ersten tritt der Eremit hervor und faszt sie auf.)

Einige. Schaut! o schaut!
Er traf die Braut!

Andere. Der Jäger stürzte vom Baum!

Noch An. Wir wagen's kaum,
Nur hinzuschau'n!
O furchtbar Schicksal, o Grau'n!

Chor. Unsre Herzen beben, zagen!
Wär' die Schreckensthat gescheh'n?
Kaum will es das Auge wagen,
Wer das Opfer sei, zu seh'n.

Agathe (aus schwerer Ohnmacht erwachend).
Wo bin ich?

War's Traum nur, dasz ich sank?

Annchen. O fasse dich!

Max und Cuno. Sie lebt.

Einige. Den Heil'gen Preis und Dank!—
Sie hat die Augen offen!—

Einige. Hier, dieser ist getroffen,
Der roth vom Blute liegt—

Caspar. Ich sah den Klausner bei ihr steh'n;
Der Himmel siegt!
Es ist um mich gescheh'n!

Agathe (sich erholend). Ich lebe noch; der
Schreck nur warf mich nieder,
Ich athme noch die liebliche Luft—

Max. Sie lächelt wieder,

Agathe. Mein Max.

Caspar.

(Erblickt SAMIEL.)

Du Samiel schon hier?
So heilst du dein Versprechen mir?
Nimm deinen Raub! Ich trotze dem
Verderben!
Dem Himmel Fluch!—Fluch dir!
(Stürzt und stirbt. SAMIEL ist verschwunden.)

Einige. (Vom Grausen ergriffen). Ha!
Das war sein Gebet im Sterben!

Kuno. He ever was a wicked man,
An enemy to innocence and virtue—
Heaven's vengeance on him falls!

Max. 'Gainst Heaven's mandates
I must not complain;
I heeded the tempter,—
Ah! that was my bane.

Kuno. Max to duty e'er was true.

Agathe. Oh, do not tear him from my fond
embrace!

Chorus. He is endowed with skill and strength,
A heart that's ever true.

Ann and Chorus. Oh, gracious Prince, for
mercy now we sue!

Ottocar. No, no, no:
For him too spotless is the maid.
Away! his cause I may not aid:
By justice be such crimes repaid.
(The Hermit enters.)

Hermit. Such punishment is too severe
To visit this his first offence.

Cuno. Er war von je ein Bösewicht!
Ihn traf des Himmels Strafgericht!

Max. Ich darf nicht wagen,
Mich zu beklagen;
Denn schwach war ich, obwohl kein Böse
wicht.

Cuno. Er war sonst stets getreu der Pflicht—

Agathe. Reizt ihn nicht aus meinen Armen!

Jäger. Er ist so brav, voll Kraft und Muth—

Landl. O! er war immer brav und gut!

Annchen. Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Erbarmen!

Ottocar. Nein!—
Agathe ist so fromm, so rein—
(Zu MAX.)
Hinweg, hinweg aus meinem Blick!
Dein harr't der Kerker, kehrst du je zurück.

Eremit (tritt auf). Wer legt auf ihn so stren-
gen Bann?
Ein Fehltritt, ist er solcher Büszung werth?



Oh! while pos-sess'd of this bright treasure, No vi-cious thought will dare in-trude.
Die Zu-kunft soll . . mein Herz be-wäh-ren, Stets hei-lig sei . . mir Recht und Pflicht!

Ottocar and Hermit. Mercy's enthron'd in
Heaven above,
So princes ought to rule with love.

Agathe. Oh, read my thanks in these soft
tears;
Banish'd now be all my fears.

Hermit. To Him who innocence protects,
Our highest thanks we humbly offer now.

Chorus. With thanks for Thy goodness our
voices we raise;
At Thy throne of mercy we render our praise!
With thanks for Thy goodness our voices
we raise;
At Thy throne of mercy we render our praise!

Ottocar und Eremit. Bist du es, heil'ger
Mann!

Den weit und breit die Gegend ehrt?
Sie mir gegrüßt, Gesegneter des Herrn,
Dir bin auch ich gehorsam gern;
Sprich du sein Urtheil: deinen Willen
Will freudig ich erfüllen.

Agathe. O les't den Dank in diesen Zähren;
Das schwache Wort genügt ihm nicht!

Eremit. Der über Sternen ist voll Gnade;
Drum ehrt es Fürsten, zu verzeih'n!

Chor. Ja laszt uns zum Himmel die Blicke
erheben

Und fest auf die Lenkung des Ewigen bau'n;
Wer rein ist von Herzen, und schuldlos
von Leben,
Darf kindlich der Milde des Vaters vertraun.

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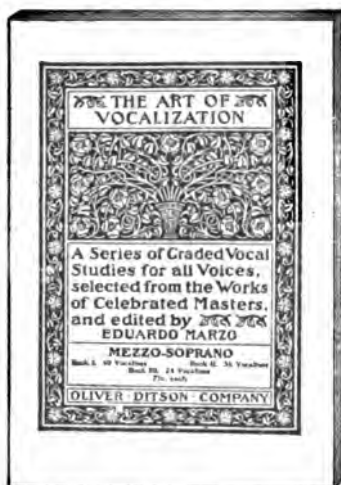
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